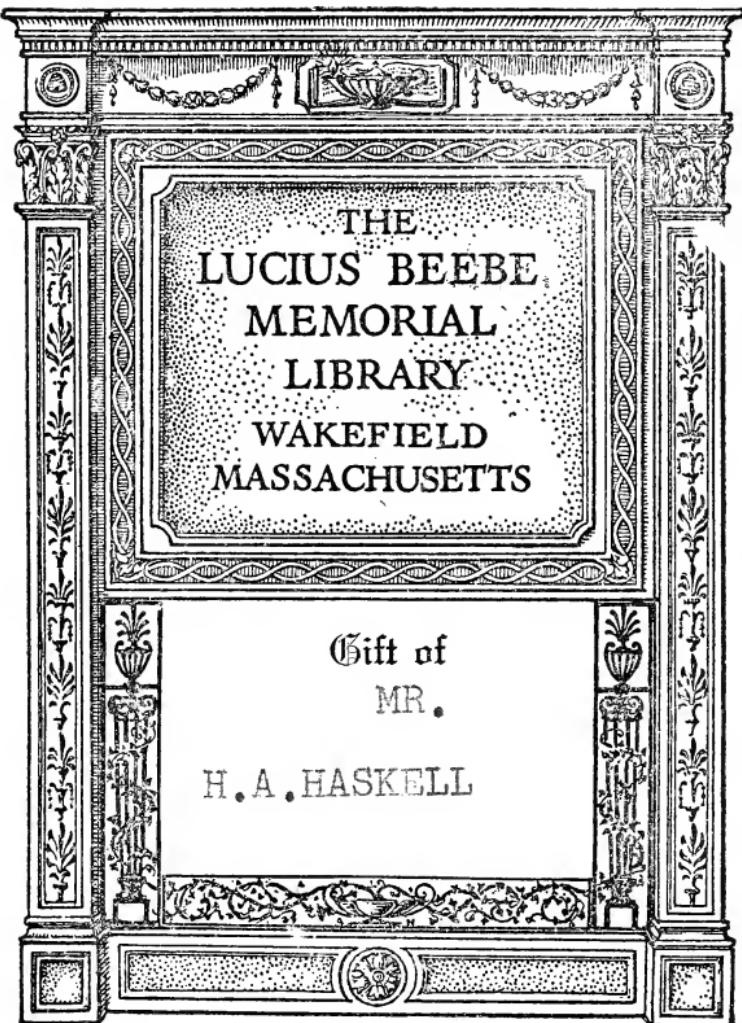


CELEBRATION  
AT  
READING.  
1844.

1844



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HISTORICAL ADDRESS AND POEM,

DELIVERED AT THE

BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

INCORPORATION

OF THE

OLD TOWN OF READING,

MAY 29, A. D. 1844,

WITH

A N APPENDIX.

BOSTON:

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1844.

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HISTORICAL NOTICES  
OF  
READING AND SOUTH READING,  
IN AN ADDRESS  
DELIVERED AT THE BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE INCORPORATION OF THE ANCIENT TOWN, MAY 29, 1844.  
BY JAMES FLINT, D.D.



## A D D R E S S .

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My duty upon the present occasion is prescribed in the terms of the joint vote of the citizens of Reading and South Reading, in town-meeting, last January, that "the bi-centennial anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Reading should be celebrated, by the delivery of an historical address and other exercises appropriate to the occasion." Having, without duly considering my incompetency for the task, acceded to the invitation of your Committee, to prepare, with their aid, such an address, you will now indulge me with your patient attention to an attempted history of the town of our nativity—to such imperfect, fragmentary memorials, as have been preserved, of the deeds, character, and fortunes of its inhabitants, and of some of the changes and events of interest that have transpired within its precincts, during the lapse of two centuries; compendious it must be, but as comprehensive and ample as the diligence of your Committee has enabled me to make it, and as the time allowed for its recital will permit.

It appears from the colonial records, that as early as September, 1639, the inhabitants of Lynn petitioned the government of the colony, "for place for an inland plantation at the head of their bounds,"—that a tract

of land four miles square was granted them, upon condition that the petitioners shall, within two years, "make some good proceeding in planting, so as it may be a village fit to contain a convenient number of inhabitants, which may in due time have a church there;"—at the end of two years, those who should remove thither from Lynn were to relinquish their accommodations in Lynn. The land was purchased from the Indians, for ten pounds, sixteen shillings; and the deed was signed by Sagamore George, his sister Abigail, and Quannapowit. In 1640, the settlement then commenced, and called at first Lynn village, was ordered to be exempted from paying taxes to Lynn, as soon as seven houses should be built and seven families settled. On the 29th of May, [as our style makes it] 1644, Lynn village was incorporated as a town, by the name of Reading. The boundaries of the town appear to have been for a long time undefined. They were not settled, as they now stand, till after the incorporation of Wilmington, Woburn, Danvers, and other adjoining towns. The first settlers located themselves in the southern vicinity of South Reading Pond, the Indian name of which is lost; and not long after, others took up the level lands bordering upon Ipswich river. The first frame-house built there, says tradition, was about two hundred rods north of the river, upon a gentle eminence, which house I saw standing in my early days, occupied by Captain John Flint, a man of stern aspect, and of temper inflexible to a fault. It was a garrison house, as I have heard, while there were hostile Indians in the colony, upon the doors of which used to be seen marks, said to have been made by the bullets of the Indians.

The places selected by the first settlers had been formerly occupied by the natives, who had selected them for the advantages they afforded of a soil easily prepared for the culture of their maize and the few vegetables they used, and for the fish they took from the waters of the pond and river—and, no doubt, for the picturesque scenery, since so much admired by their successors; for they had an eye and a taste for choosing sites for their wigwams, that were attractive for their amenity of aspect, for shelter from the rigors of the season, or defence from hostile attacks, or for their wild and romantic features of grandeur and sublimity.

The names of more than eighty of the first settlers have been preserved. [See the list in Appendix.] They were most of them from England, and had been previously residents, for a short time, in Lynn, which was the prolific mother of many other settlements; “ten towns,” including the mother with her offspring, according to the historian of Lynn, Mr. Lewis,—“deriving their origin from the same source, containing in 1829, twenty-six churches and more than twenty thousand inhabitants. These towns are Lynn, Saugus, Lynnfield, Reading, South Reading, Sandwich and Yarmouth, in Massachusetts; Hampton and Amherst in New-Hampshire; and South Hampton, on Long Island.” Of these names of the original settlers many continue respected names of the present inhabitants, while others have either become extinct, or the posterity of those who bore them have removed to other sections of our extended republic.

In 1645, so “good proceeding”—according to the terms of their grant—“had been made in planting, that

there had grown a village, containing a convenient number of inhabitants for having a church there."

Accordingly, November 5th, of that year, the first congregational church was gathered in what is now South Reading, being the twelfth in the colony.

The first settlers of the ancient town of our nativity, like the pilgrims that stepped from the deck of the Mayflower upon Plymouth rock, thus evinced that they were from the same stock, who left their pleasant homes in their father land—not like the Spanish conquerors and settlers in South America, for treasures of silver and gold—not to enrich themselves with goods that perish with the using—but for conscience' sake—for religion, for freedom

"To worship here their God in peace."

It was the awakened consciousness of the inherent, inalienable right of the soul to this freedom, which led, as we all know, the first settlers of New England to these shores. This consciousness had been awakened in many minds throughout Europe by the Lutheran reformation. This was the original germ of our goodly heritage of immunities and privileges, civil and religious, enjoyed by us, as yet without example to the same extent in the world. This embryo germ rapidly swelled and enlarged in the growing dissent of the Puritans from the established church in England. It found, for a while, a genial soil, in that "freckled," yet glorious mother of us all, in whose history and character we can see, as her most evangelical, if not her most popular poet saw in her capital,

"Much that we love and more that we admire,  
And all that we abhor."

Falling under the malign and withering influences of royal and ecclesiastical scorn and hostility, which would fain have crushed in its earliest unfolding this precious germ of civil and religious freedom, its persecuted friends,—knowing it to contain the seminal principle, the undeveloped stamina of that immortal species of trees, beheld by the Evangelist waving in the mystic paradise of God, with its twelve manner of fruit yielded every month, and whose leaves were destined for the healing of the nations,—transferred it to this fresh, and then recently discovered western world, where, unmolested by bishops and high commission courts, they might cherish and water it with their tears and prayers, and see it open and spread its branches, taking deep root in the virgin soil, and nurtured by the pure dews and genial sunshine of the “new heavens and new earth” of these shores, skirting the beautiful bay of the old Bay State, which spread out her two capes, like friendly arms, to receive the exiled pilgrims into her sheltering and maternal bosom.

Although liberty of conscience, exemption from the tyranny of human authority and control in the concerns of religion, constituted the main motive and object of their removal to this country, yet it is sufficiently apparent that civil liberty, without which they well knew there could be no security for religious liberty, was duly appreciated and well understood by them. From God and his word they derived the charter of their religious rights; and while they held fast this in their right hand, when they fled from ecclesiastical oppression, they as firmly grasped in their left hand that of their civil rights—derived, as they believed,

from the same source. Next to religious, they valued political freedom, and were anxious to transmit them indissolubly connected to their latest posterity. These were the tutelar divinities under whose auspices they fled from the feudal oppressions of the old world, to find new homes in the unbroken forests of this new world.

We have few records of the hardships, the dangers, and sufferings, which these first settlers had to encounter. We can follow them in idea, as they came, "with strong hands and stouter hearts," as they must have had, to have come from the friendly and comparatively populous settlement of Lynn, through the dark woods, that stretched westward without limit, to commence their clearings for the erection of their log huts, and for their future fields and orchards. It was only by hard toil, and with harder fare, that their first rude dwellings were reared, and their first scanty harvests were gathered from the soil. They had none of the facilities, which make it comparatively a holiday sport for the emigrant family in our time to provide themselves a comfortable establishment in the rich alluvial regions of the west. They had here to subdue the dense forest, to remove the trees and roots and stones from a hard and ungrateful soil. And this work was to be done in a strange region, of whose climate and natural productions they were ill informed—amidst strange animals, strange insects and reptiles. They were surrounded by savage beasts, and more savage men. In the night winds and storms, strange sounds were heard—the howling of wolves, the growl of bears, and sometimes the more terrific signal of attack from the lurk-

ing Indian. The men, no doubt, were brave, and the women heroic. Yet they were devout believers in the personal existence and ubiquity of the devil, in witchcraft, ghosts and hobgoblins. Superstitious fears of these supernatural agents would be haunting them when alone, and in their night watches and walks. They would be seen and heard in the gloom and solitudes of the boundless forests. They would have more substantial cause for terror in the frequent rumors of Indian massacres, perpetrated upon defenceless women and children by day, and whole families surprised and murdered in the silence and darkness of midnight. We can imagine the mothers,

. . . . . "Whom scaring sounds molest,  
"Clasping their babes still closer to their breast,"

and the little colony upon some sudden alarm,—whether with or without cause,—all quitting their work, seizing their arms, and hurrying their families into the garrison house for refuge.

Contrast with this condition of the first settlers of our native town the sketch, drawn by one of their native sons,\* of the emigrant family in our day, providing themselves a home in the west. "It has afforded me more pleasing reflections, a happier train of associations, to contemplate these beginnings of social toil in the wilderness than, in our more cultivated regions, to come in view of the most sumptuous mansion. Nothing can be more beautiful than these little bottoms, upon which these emigrants, if I may so say, deposit their household gods. Springs burst forth in the in-

\* Rev. Timothy Flint's "Recollections," &c.

tervals between the high and low grounds. The trees and shrubs are of the most beautiful kind. The brilliant red-bird is seen flitting among the shrubs, or, perched on a tree, seems welcoming, in her mellow notes, the emigrant to his abode. Flocks of paroquets are glittering among the trees, and grey squirrels are skipping from branch to branch. In the midst of these primeval scenes the patient and laborious father fixes his family. In a few weeks they have reared a comfortable cabin and other out-buildings. Pass this place in two years, and you will see extensive fields of corn and wheat, a young and thrifty orchard, fruit trees of all kinds—the guaranty of present abundant subsistence and of future luxury. Pass it in ten years and the log buildings will have disappeared. The shrubs and forest trees will be gone. The Arcadian aspect of humble and retired abundance and comfort will have given place to a brick-house, with accompaniments like those that attend the same kind of house in the older countries." . . . . "I admit," he continues, "that the first residence among the trees affords the most agreeable picture to my mind; and that there is an inexpressible charm in the pastoral simplicity of those years, before pride and self-consequence have banished the repose of their Eden, and when you witness the first struggles of social toil with the barren luxuriance of nature."

Our primitive settlers upon the rough soil here had few of these cheerful accompaniments. They had to struggle not with the alluvial "luxuriance," but the rocky and sterile roughness of nature. It is affecting to think of them in their suffering exile, recalling to fond

remembrance the homes they had left by giving the name of the town, containing those distant homes, to the place of their new homes. Reading and Ipswich, in England, were names so dear to the first settlers here, that the town and the principal stream in it were so named by them, that they might have here their *simulatam Trojam*, the namesake of their native town and the well-remembered stream in which they had bathed in their boyhood.

In 1648, the settlement had grown to an extent to have it granted to one of the inhabitants to open one of those conveniences, that have proved, in later times, deadly nuisances in so many of our towns—a tavern. “Francis Smith had leave of the court to draw wine in Reading for the refreshment of travellers and others, he paying the legal excise therefor.” “In 1650, the court ordered 400 acres of land to be laid out to Samuel Hough, the 2d minister of Reading.” “In 1651, the inhabitants of Reading petition to General Court for the addition of two miles or thereabout of land, adjoining to their bounds of four miles, and lying between the Bellingham farm and the great river.” [Ipswich, I suppose.] The Court granted the petition, “so as it hath not been already granted to any town, nor prejudicing any former grant to any.” In March, 1653, the boundary line between Lynn and Reading was established. In 1658, forty-six persons were assessed to pay the minister. In 1662, the town voted “that no woman, maid, nor boy, nor *gall*, shall sit in the south alley and east alley of the meeting house, upon penalty of twelve pence for every day they shall sit there.” It was further ordered “that every dog that comes to the meeting, after

this present day, either on Lord's day, or on lecture days, except it be their dogs that pay for a dog-whipper, the owner of those dogs shall pay sixpence for every such offence." The names of twenty-six persons are recorded as agreeing to pay to the dog-whipper. We find similar votes at different periods. All then kept dogs; they were the inseparable companions of the settlers, in their solitary walks and work,—faithful sentinels, to give the alarm on the approach of the Indians or beasts of prey,—stauch friends, that could not be made to comprehend why they should be excluded from sharing the benefits of the sanctuary, with their owners. In 1664, the town exchanged lands with Matthew Edwards, he paying three shillings and a gallon of liquor to boot. 1667, the town contained fifty-nine dwelling-houses. In 1669, the town voted a bounty of twenty shillings per head for every wolf killed for the ensuing seven years. In 1673 the term "Wood-end," applied to what was the West, but is now the South Parish, first occurs in the town records. In 1674 the town voted that there should be but one town meeting in a year, except upon a special occasion. In 1675, of a state tax this year of 1553*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, Reading paid 16*l.* 9*s.* 11*d.* There were then forty-nine towns in the state, and twenty-eight paid more, and twenty less than Reading. In 1678, the town agreed there should be a "rate made, of sixty or seventy pounds, for building a new meeting-house or for repairing the old one, and this to be paid in shingles, and clapboards, and boards, and cider, and corn. Shingles at 10*s.* per thousand; clapboards at 5*s.* per hundred; cider at 10*s.* per barrel; and those that pay money shall have one third part abated. Hops and tobacco at sixpence per lb." In 1678 died Jona-

than Poole, one of the first settlers. The following inscription is on his tomb-stone:

“ Memento te esse mortalem. Fugit hora, Dec. 24.

Here lies the body of Capt. JONATHAN POOLE, who died in the 44th  
year of his age—1678.

Friends sure would prove too far unkind,  
If out of sight they leave him out of mind;  
And now he lies, transformed to native dust,  
In earth's cold womb, as other mortals must;  
"Tis strange his mirthless worth entombed should lie,  
Or that his name should in oblivion die.”

In 1679, John Person, another of the first settlers, died. The following inscription may be read upon his grave-stone:

“ Vive memor læthi. Fugit hora.

Memento te esse mortalem.

Fugit hora.

Here lies the body of JOHN PERSON, aged 64 years.

Died April 7, 1679.”

While the hardy pioneers were making their inroads upon the forests, death and time made their accustomed inroads upon the settlers, and some of their principal and most influential members,—if epitaphs may be trusted,—had died so early as 1680. The condition of the settlers generally in the colony is described in Governor Bradstreet's reply this year, 1680, to an inquiry, under twenty-seven heads, instituted by the king's privy council.\* Governor B. writes, “In general, the country is full of rocky hills, swamps, and other unprofitable land and useless ground; not one acre of ten or twenty, in many places, manurable, or improvable for tillage, or hardly for pasturage. The buildings in the country are generally of timber,—[I presume log houses]—many fortified with strong palisadoes, a good security against the Indian's arrows

\* Mass. His. Col., vol. 8, 3d series, pp. 335—6.

and small shot." After speaking of the buildings, some of brick and stone, in Boston, and of a disastrous fire there, that consumed about two hundred houses, besides warehouses, &c., (a previous fire had destroyed about seventy houses) — "It is endeavored and ordered," he says, "that all should be built in the places thereof, with brick or stone, which will hardly be attained, by reason of the poverty of the inhabitants." "The truth is," he continues, "the country in general is very poor, and very hard it is for them to clothe themselves and families, especially since the great charges and taxes have been upon them, by reason of the late Indian war, though for victuals they make a reasonable good shift, being a very laborious and industrious people, and having lands of their own. For at our first coming hither, and ever since, lands were allotted and townships granted freely, without any purchase or reservation of rent; otherwise it was foreseen the people would have been discouraged, and the country not subdued and improved, as now it is." "Commodities," — such as could not be produced in the colony at that time, — "were imported from England, to the value of forty or fifty thousand pounds yearly." But few of these could be purchased by the people in the country towns, they having but little surplus produce, and less cash to pay for them. "For seven years previous to this time few English came to settle in the colony, and few or no Scotch, Irish, or foreigners; they rather go to Carolina, or other places more commodious and less inhabited, for with us all the lands near the seacoast are appropriated and improved; and up into the country is more difficult, — especially

for new comers,—to plant and subdue, and must be done by the settled inhabitants by degrees, as divers towns already have been.” “Few planters, or country people have any great estates.” . . . “The wealth of the colony is rather in conceit than in reality.” The colony, as Governor B. states, was then very poor. One penny upon the pound was imposed upon all taxable property, and twenty pence upon each poll, and a small rate upon wine, rum, cider, and beer, &c., the whole amounting to near fifteen thousand pounds per annum, which was all the revenue for the support of government, including all expenses for the public defence, &c. But in the time of the Indian war they were forced to raise ten or fifteen of those rates upon all men’s estates, in a year, “which,” adds the governor, “hath much impoverished the country, and we yet remain much in debt to this day.”

The Indian wars destroyed seven or eight hundred of the population, and the small-pox no less, about two years previous to this period, 1680; of which destruction of life Reading bore its share with other towns of the colony.

While subduing and improving their lands, and defending themselves against the hostile Indians, they had also to wage an incessant war with the wild beasts of the forest. In 1685, the town voted a bounty of fifteen shillings for the killing of an old bear, and ten shillings for a sucking cub. In 1686, the town voted that an assessment be made for the purchase of land of the Indians. Like the New England settlers generally, they, with scrupulous honesty, paid what was deemed by the Indians an equivalent for their lands. In 1689,

August 9, Jeremiah Swain, of Reading, was appointed and commissioned by the Court, as commander-in-chief of the expedition, then raised and detached out of the several regiments within the colony, against the Kennebec and Eastern Indians and their confederates, "with power to fight, take and destroy the said enemy, by all the ways and means possible." He was furnished by the Court with ten pounds for fitting himself for the expedition. In 1692, four women, viz: Lydia Dustin, Sarah Dustin, Mary Taylor, and Sarah Rice, all of Reading, were taken up and examined for witchcraft, and imprisoned in Boston jail. Whether these or any other inhabitants of Reading suffered death for this imputed crime, does not appear. That there have ever been in the town a competent number, if not of old, yet of young women, with attractions and *witching ways* sufficient to *bewitch* the young men into honorable and happy matrimony, we may infer from the specimens before us, and from the fact that the native born inhabitants have, from the first, continued to increase and multiply, as in other towns.

It had become so extended and numerous, that in 1696, the town voted, "that, whereas the glory of God being the true end that all men's actions ought to aim at, and the promotion and upholding of the public worship of God being one great part of our duty, we, the free-holders and other inhabitants of Reading, have considered the great distance of such in this town, on the north side of Ipswich river and bear-meadow, from the place of God's worship amongst us, whereby they many times labor under great difficulty in coming to God's house,—oftentimes cannot come, and seldom

can bring their children with them; we do therefore, for ourselves, our heirs and successors, vote unanimously, agree and order, and be it hereby ordered and enacted and confirmed, that all that tract of land in our township, lying on the north side of Ipswich River, so called, that is to say, bounded westerly by Woburn, [this was before Wilmington was incorporated,] by Andover northerly, and by Salem line easterly, [what is now Danvers was then included in Salem]—as also all that land in our township lying on the north side of Bear Meadow, commonly called Sadler's Neck, as it is bounded by Lynn line of township with us, [now Lynnfield line,] and so to the river aforesaid; we say that where and as soon as there is such a suitable and competent number of inhabitants, settled on the tracts of land aforesaid—that when they do call, settle, and maintain a godly, learned, orthodox minister, that then they shall be free from paying to the minister and ministry in the town on the south side of the aforesaid river, and that for so long as they shall do so."

In 1703, a venerable matron, Rebecca Kendall, widow of an original settler, Deacon Thomas Kendall, died, aged eighty-five years. On her grave-stone are the following words, "Here lieth the mother of ten, who had one hundred and seventy-five grand and great-grand children." In 1705, Stephen, son of Samuel Dix, was drowned in the great pond. In 1706, Mr. John Rogers, of Salem, was appointed school-master, to teach reading, writing, casting accounts, and the Latin and Greek tongues, for four months, at three pounds per month. This year was made memorable by the occurrence, within the limits of the town, of one of those

cruel massacres, to which the families in the outskirts of the settlements were exposed for the greater part of the time during the first century of the country's occupancy by the English. Five Indians, from a party that had attacked Dunstable, ventured down to this town, and surprised a poor woman, who had eight children with her, in a lonely cottage — killed the woman and three children, and carried away the rest; but the children were recovered by the pursuers. In 1713, the second parish — North Reading — was incorporated, October 20th. In 1720, Rev. Daniel Putnam was settled over this parish. It is recorded in the parish book, "A terrible earthquake, October 29, 1727, which lasted at times, three months, and at the end of the three months was very hard." In 1729, the north part of Malden, including ten families, was annexed to Reading. This year, August 21, William Williams and his son James were drowned, by the upsetting of a boat in Reading Pond. In 1730, the First Parish voted to choose a committee to *seat* the meeting-house, and that real estate and age are the first and chiefest rules to go by in seating the house. No precedence was allowed to birth or hereditary rank. In 1730, the First Parish voted to give the old pulpit cushion to the Wood-end. In 1732, Stephen Ruper was drowned in the pond. In 1736, the throat-distemper was very prevalent in the town. John Swain lost six children; two in November, four in December, &c. In 1739, the town voted to choose a committee to enforce the law to prevent the killing of deer out of season. In 1740, the town voted to raise one hundred and twenty pounds to defray the town expenses. 1741, George

Whitefield preached on Reading Common. The Rev. Mr. Hobby, then minister of the First Parish, went to hear him; and it is said that he afterwards remarked, that he went to pick a hole in Whitefield's coat, but that Whitefield picked a hole in his heart. Mr. Hobby afterwards wrote and published a Defence of Whitefield, in a letter to Rev. Nathaniel Henchman, of Lynn, who had written against Whitefield. North Reading, or North Precinct, as it was then and continued to be called, within my remembrance, was set apart, as a parish, in 1713. A part of what afterwards constituted the town of Wilmington, incorporated in 1730, was included within the bounds of Reading. In 1717, it was voted by the Precinct to settle a minister amongst them, as fast as they can, and in the best method they can. As an inducement to a gentleman whom they should approve, to come and settle among them, they voted to give him twelve acres of land and four score pounds in building and manuring. They appear to have reared the shell of a meeting-house about this time, when it was put to vote whether they would finish it, and it passed in the negative. It stood, it is said, upon ground now occupied by Dr. Grosvenor, as a garden. It was afterwards used as a school-house, and Dr. Herrick taught school in it. After being removed and occupied as a joiner's shop, then as a grocery store, a part of it is now a cabinet shop, the timbers sound, though some of them are poplar. In 1717, the Precinct voted to petition the General Court that the town maintain both ministers by a tax on pews. In 1718, voted to give Mr. Daniel Putnam twenty acres of land, exchanged with Sergeant Flint and Sergeant

Eaton, if Mr. Putnam be our minister. Voted, also, to build him a house of specified dimensions, in lieu of the stipulated £100, if he find nails and glass for the house. In 1724, the Precinct chose a committee to act in behalf of the Precinct, concerning Mr. Putnam's troubles, and that they should make application to the Governor and Council. What these troubles were does not appear. They had a custom of carrying round a contribution box, to receive money of those who chose to give, which was called the strangers' money, to be disposed of by a vote of the parish.

Finding it difficult to support the ministry, in 1730 they voted to petition the General Court for part of Reading, part of Lynn, and part of Andover, to be set off to them, to help them support the gospel in said Precinct. They chose a committee to manage this business. They voted, at a subsequent meeting, not to petition the General Court for a township. In 1731, a committee was chosen to provide a place or places to keep school in. At another meeting the same year, a committee was chosen to apply themselves to the General Court for help, as the General Court in their wisdom see best. At the yearly meeting the assessors were directed to take care of the prudentials of the Precinct. In 1740, voted "to build a meeting-house forty-six feet in length, and thirty-six feet in breadth, on the land that was given for that use, and finish it as decently as a meeting-house ought to be for the public worship of God, with that speed which our necessity requireth or our ability will admit of." The next year they revoke their vote to ask help of the town. In 1745 they voted to build a school-house the present

season. In 1751, they voted to build the new meeting-house, which they had voted to build eleven years before. They now vote to build it within one year, so far as to plank and shingle it. They voted one hundred pounds, lawful money, towards said house. A committee was chosen to build the house. The house was raised the following year, in July, 1752. In 1754, it was voted that the parish should keep their dogs at home, and from making disturbance at the meeting-house on Sabbath days. Ensign Samuel Stearns, of Lynn End, gave two pounds and fourteen shillings towards building the meeting-house.

Nothing so certainly preserves a man's name from oblivion as deeds of charity, which Christ has told us he regards as done to himself. "Verily this shall be told for a memorial of her, wherever my gospel shall be preached." And Mary's box of perfume, given as a token of her affection and grateful respect for Jesus, has secured for her name an immortality that the builders of the Pyramids could not secure for theirs. Three years after, January 1, 1755, a committee was chosen to seat the meeting-house. This house stood through the ministries of Mr. Putnam and Mr. Stone. It stood near the site now occupied by the Universalist meeting-house. In 1765, it was voted to buy and keep a law-book for the use of the parish. This was a better expedient than maintaining a lawyer to teach them the law. In 1765, it was voted that Mr. Joseph Frye take a plan of the parish.

By industry, economy, and hard labor, the town, like most others in the colony, had increased in wealth, in its agricultural products, in household conveniences and comforts. The colony had ceased to

be annoyed, except in the distant frontiers, by the Indians or beasts of prey. They were now alarmed by indications of danger from a different and unexpected quarter. The avowed right and purpose of the English Parliament to tax the American colonies, without their consent, by their representatives, roused throughout the land the old puritan spirit of resistance. They held their hard-earned possessions, won from the wilderness by the straining of their sinews and the sweat of their brow, by a right too sacred to be surrendered to the arrogant claims of a government, that first persecuted, then neglected, and, when they had grown strong and able to manage their own affairs, proposed to extort from them a revenue, under pretence of indemnifying itself for affording them its oppressive protection. The indignant and determined spirit of the people spoke out aloud to their representatives in the General Court. In 1765, Reading voted to send the following instructions to their representative to the General Court:

“ To Ebenezer Nichols, Esq., who represents the town of Reading in the General Court.

“ We, the freeholders and inhabitants of the town of Reading, professing the greatest loyalty to our Gracious Sovereign, and our sincere regard and reverence to the British Parliament, as the most respectable body of men upon earth, yet, at the same time are not insensible of the great distress which a late exertion of their power, in the stamp act, must necessarily expose us to—we think it proper, with regard thereto, to give you, sir, the following instructions: That you cheer-

fully join in every proper measure that may have a tendency to obtain a repeal of the Stamp Act, which imposes such a grievous burden on the American provinces and colonies;— and that you endeavor, by all possible means, consistent with our allegiance to the King and relation to Great Britain, to oppose the execution of it, till the remonstrances, petitions, and cries of these distressed colonies shall reach the ear of our Gracious Sovereign. And, sir, we cannot think it advisable for you to agree to any step for the protection of stamp papers; we have already good and wholesome laws for the preservation of peace and good order among his Majesty's subjects, and we are not apprehensive of any future tumults and disorder, to which we have a steady aversion, moreover. We must also enjoin it upon you that you use the strictest care to prevent all unconstitutional drafts upon the public treasury, at this time of uncommon difficulty and distress, and in all your actings to maintain our rights, as free born Englishmen."

We see here the patriotic and free spirit by which the town has ever been distinguished. In 1768, the present meeting-house of the First Parish — now South Reading — was erected, being the third meeting-house built by said Parish. In 1769, the Third Parish — Wood-end — now South Parish, was incorporated, and their meeting-house built — the same building now used for a school-house and town-house. In 1774 the town voted to maintain their charter rights and privileges in every constitutional way, which vote was accompanied by an expression of the determination and sentiments

of the citizens, alike patriotic and pious. [See Appendix.] At this meeting, John Temple and Benjamin Brown were chosen as Deputies to the Provincial Congress. In December following, the town voted to adopt the sentiments of the Continental Congress as their own, and strictly to adhere to them. In January, 1775, the town voted to raise £75 11s. 11d, and appropriate the same to the use of the Province. Also, voted to allow a bounty of one shilling for every three hours of every minute-man twice a week at the place of parade. Voted, also, to contribute to the relief of Boston and Charlestown. In December, the same year, voted to choose nine persons to carry wood to the army. They chose also a commissary to furnish necessaries to all the *donation* people from Boston and Charlestown. Many of the citizens of Charlestown came to Reading, when the British burnt that place, and found here a welcome refuge, among whom was Ebenezer Kent, a venerable mariner, who had been master of a vessel nearly fifty years, whose property was destroyed in the conflagration, and who died here in 1776, aged seventy-two years. In 1777, the town chose Jonathan Flint, tory prosecutor, with authority to examine all persons suspected to be inimical to the success of the present war, and to report them. I well remember, when a small boy, this man, as the Nimrod of my native parish, who often came to my father's house with his gun and hunting dogs. In 1778, the town voted to raise £246 12s. for purchasing and carrying to Concord clothing for the continental army. Also, voted to raise twenty men for the army. September 19th, an order came from General Court that

one-third of the militia of this town be in readiness for marching to defend Boston in case the French fleet there shall be attacked by the British. In 1779 the town raised fourteen men for the army. In 1780 the town raised thirty-six men for the army. In 1781 the town voted to raise £36,000, for the purchase of beef. [This was in depreciated paper money.] There were from Reading, in the Revolutionary army, one hundred and fifty soldiers, four of whom were killed or died in the service — two of them colored persons.

The following votes are recorded in the North Parish, indicating the public spirit and patriotism of the people in their corporate capacity as a Parish. March 13, 1777, the Parish voted to raise £500 for the encouragement of men to enlist into the continental service. April 20th, of the same year, voted to choose a committee to act in behalf of the Parish for procuring men for the war, from time to time, as they shall be instructed. January 5, 1778, voted to raise £500 for soldiers the Parish had hired. May 7th, the same year, voted to raise £600 of money to support the war. Also, voted to allow the men that have gone to guard stores or prisoners, at or near Cambridge, six pounds a month. Also, that a committee be chosen to hire men to enlist into the service in the war. Accordingly chose five. October 12th, the same year, voted to raise £850 of money to support the war. May 12th, 1779, voted to raise our proportion of men which the General Court hath ordered to be raised, to go to Rhode Island and do duty there. In October 21st, same year, voted that William Whitteredge and Jonathan Bachelder be a committee to procure one hundred and sixty

bushels of Indian corn for the soldiers. May 21, 1780, voted to choose a committee of three to procure men for the war. At the same time voted that the inhabitants of the Parish shall keep their dogs at home, or else lose them. July 3, same year, voted to raise —— pounds at one assessment.

It appears by the records that many turned out at the battle of Lexington, Concord and Bunker's Hill; and that very many stood as minute men, and a still larger number served in several campaigns, during the revolutionary war. Several died of sickness while in the army; yet, it is said, that but one man from Reading was killed in battle—and this one, according to Mr. Hopkins, of South Reading, was Sergeant Joshua Eaton, of Wood-end. He was killed in the battle of Saratoga, at the capture of Burgoyne's army, October 7, 1777. Mr. Hopkins says that more than thirty men from Reading were engaged in this battle.

We have in the votes and resolves of the town, as above recorded, a solution of what seemed to the European world then and since an inexplicable act of daring and temerity in the American Congress—their Declaration of Independence, and each signer of that act pledging for himself and the people he represented, their substance, their life-blood, and sacred honor, in support of that Independence. It was this spirit, and the free, spontaneous manifestation of it in the towns, whose freeholders had always felt themselves, and had from the first managed their municipal affairs, as independent communities—as so many little commonwealths—that imparted the confidence and determination, which animated the men who conducted the

revolution, from its commencement to its successful termination. In the unanimous expression of this spirit, in taxing themselves, and in the number of men she furnished for the army, Reading was second to few towns, if any, in the New England colonies. Their independence acknowledged and peace restored, the people here and throughout the land, were busily occupied in extricating themselves from the embarrassments, the debts, and disorders, which had arisen from their long struggle and sacrifices in achieving their independence. There are yet living among us venerable and honored relics of that patriotic and heroic generation, who have in vivid and feeling remembrance the losses incurred by the dying in their hands of the different issues of unredeemed paper currency—the occasional outbreaks of popular discontent and insurrection—the careful and jealous vigilance with which they scrutinized the various measures for settling the government, and securing upon a permanent basis, the freedom, the rights and privileges for which they had so nobly contended.

The transactions of the town, in the conduct of their municipal concerns and their relations to the state and general government, from the establishment of the federal constitution, under which we have become a great, powerful and prosperous nation, have been marked by the same practical wisdom, sound judgment, economy, public spirit, general concord and harmony, by which they were distinguished during the revolutionary struggle. Difference of opinion, indeed, touching men and measures, which has prevailed since the halcyon days of Washington's administration, early

manifested itself in this town. A majority of the South Parish were early opposed in sentiment to the majority of the town. If I mistake not, this led to the incorporation of the South Parish, as a separate town, in 1812. My boyhood impressions are that the South Parish was regarded as taking the lead in fashion, taste, and elegance in general culture and manners. All history traces to southern latitudes the beginning of civilization and refinement. The communities bordering upon them have followed in imitation, and often overtaken and not seldom surpassed their models. And this process of generous emulation has been manifestly going on in the other parishes since the division of the town.

Your gratitude to our ancestors for what they have suffered and done for us, and your devout thanks to Providence for the improved condition of their posterity, cannot fail to be strongly excited by contrasting, for a moment, their labors and manner of life with the comparative ease and advantages enjoyed by yourselves. They had to subdue the forests, provide dwellings, prepare the soil for the plough, enclose their fields, make roads and bridges, construct mills—some for grinding their grain, and others for sawing the timber of their woods into forms suitable for various uses—to build churches and school-houses, introduce laws and establish municipal regulations and institutions demanded by their new and peculiar position in this new world. While doing these things they had to defend themselves against the hostile natives, to exterminate the mischievous wild beasts, and to manufacture by hand their clothing. You,

their descendants, have all those things done for you, and you have only to enjoy and improve upon them. The better half of the present generation, as they have been in all generations, may well exult in their privileged exemption from, not only the perils, but many of the most laborious tasks, of the mothers and daughters, that shared with the men the privations and toils, which were the price of the goodly heritage enjoyed by their posterity. The distinction between kitchen and parlor was rarely known for many years. Mothers and daughters all belonged in those days to the class of working women. Besides having to do the customary house-work, they were all spinners, and weavers, and dyers. From the raw material of the fleece or the flax they prepared their own and the garments of their husbands and brothers. So late as in my boyhood I saw this entire process carried out under my paternal roof. The hand cards, the spinning wheel, the loom, the vessel, containing the coloring liquid, occupied their appropriate places in the house. I seem to hear, as if it were but yesterday, the peculiar music of the spinning wheel, turned by hand or foot, and to scent the strong odor of the liquid, in which the yarn was dyed. And well do I remember, of home manufacture, the rich blue outside garment, of peculiar structure, called a *hurra*, having two appendages that hung down like wings from the shoulders, which my father wore on Sundays and other dress days, in cold or rainy weather; and the most vivid impression I have of his venerable form—next to seeing him in prayer with the tears coursing down his cheeks—is, as he appeared, walking or riding, on “a gusty day,” with wig and three-cornered hat, in this loose *hurra*, the wings of which,

floating in the gale, might remind one of the famous verse of Sternhold,

“ And on the wings of mighty winds  
Came flying all abroad.”

I remember, too, the long scarlet cloaks with hoods attached to them, which protected against cold and rain the persons of the venerable matrons of those days, manufactured and colored, too, by their own hands. It was such mothers that bore and reared the race of heroic men that subdued the forests and fought the battles that won our independence. If their hands were less delicate, and their costume less elegant, and their education and accomplishments more limited and less ornate than their present daughters can boast, they possessed the qualities which made them fit companions, meet helps of the athletic and laborious men of their day. They had loving hearts, and applied willing and efficient hands to the tasks which their household cares and responsibilities imposed upon them. They bore little resemblance to those modern fine ladies, that have been likened to the lilies of the field, in that “they toil not, neither do they spin.” They resembled rather the accomplished woman described by Solomon, as *looking well to their household—seeking wool and flax, and working willingly with their hands*—answering to the scripture image of the faithful wife, clinging affectionately to the man of her choice, like the vine, that embellishes its support by its beauty, and cheers with its fruit the heart of gods and men.

While the fathers and mothers were thus making the town such as it has been left by them to their pres-

ent posterity, they were sustained, cheered, and consoled by the religion, its institutions and ordinances, which they bequeathed, with their material goods and chattels, as their most precious legacy to their children. The ministerial and ecclesiastical history of the town is remarkable for the permanence, peace and harmony of the relation between the pastors and people, from the first settlement till within the present century. During a period of more than a hundred and sixty years, no instance is recorded of serious collision, or dismissal of a pastor from his flock, through disaffection or delinquency in either of the parties. We hence infer that in this sacred relation there was mutual affection, confidence, and happiness. For, as those periods in the history of nations are, with reason, deemed the happiest, of which the historian has the least to say — so, in those congregations and ministries that have passed away, leaving no memorials of contention or separation, we may conclude that there must have been mutual fidelity and satisfaction, and consequently due appreciation and practice of the christian virtues in the preachers and their hearers.

The ministers in the First Parish, now South Reading, were as follows, viz :

1st. Henry Green; ordained, November 5, 1645; died, October 11, 1648.

2d. Samuel Hough; ordained, 1650; died, March 30, 1662.

3d. John Brock, from England; ordained in Reading, November, 1666; died, June 10, 1688, aged 68.

4th. Jonathan Pierpont; ordained June 26, 1689; died, June 2, 1709.

5th. Richard Brown; ordained, 1712; died, October, 29, 1732.

6th. William Hobby; ordained, September 1, 1733; died, June 18, 1765.

7th. Caleb Prentiss; ordained, October 25, 1769; died, February 7, 1803.

8th. Reuben Emerson; installed, 1804; still living.

In 1798, the First Baptist Society in what is now South Reading, was formed. Their first meeting-house was built in 1800, and was burned in 1836; their present house was erected in 1837.

1st minister, Ebenezer Nelson; installed, 1802; dismissed, 1815, and died in Malden, May, 1825.

2d. Gustavus F. Davis, D. D., installed, 1818; left, 1829, and died in Boston, in 1836.\*

3d. Joseph A. Warne, native of England; installed, October, 1829; left, 1830.

4th. James Huckins; ordained, September 21, 1832; left, April, 1833.

5th. Isaac Sawyer, jr.; installed, March 26, 1835; left, 1838.

6th. Charles Miller, a native of Scotland; installed, April, 1838; left same year, from ill health.

7th. Larkin B. Cole; installed, 1840; left, 1842.

8th. Charles Evans, from England; installed, 1842; left, 1844.

9th. Paul S. Adams; settled, 1844, and still continues.

The Second, or North Parish, in Reading, was incorporated 1713.

\* See Appendix.

1st minister, Daniel Putnam; ordained, June 29, 1720; died, June 20, 1759, aged 63.

2d. Eliab Stone; ordained, May 20, 1761; died, August 31, 1822, in the sixty-second year of his ministry, and eighty-sixth of his age.

3d. Cyrus Pierce; ordained, colleague with Rev. Mr. Stone, May 19, 1819; dismissed, at his request, May 19, 1827.

4th. Jacob Weed Eastman; installed, November 19, 1828; left, 1832 or 1833.

5th. James D. Lewis; ordained, June 4, 1834; left, May 10, 1836.

6th. John Orcutt; ordained, July 12, 1837; left, April 19, 1842.

7th. Ephraim W. Allen, present minister; ordained, May 17, 1843.

The First Baptist Church in North Reading was constituted, (twenty-four members,) April 16, 1817. October 8, 1828, their present meeting-house was dedicated, and Mr. Joseph M. Driver was ordained; who left, at his request, May 1, 1834.

2d minister, George Matthews; ordained, January 15, 1830; left, May 1, 1834.

3d. William Heath; ordained, August 14, 1836; left, October 25, 1840.

4th. James N. Sykes; ordained, August 25, 1842; left, October 8, 1843.

The West Parish — Wood-end — now South Parish, was incorporated, February 21, 1770. Number of members, one hundred and eight.

1st minister, Thomas Haven; ordained, November 7, 1770; died, May 7, 1782.

2d. Peter Sanborn; ordained, June 7, 1790; dismissed, June 7, 1820.

3d. Samuel Green; ordained, September 20, 1820; dismissed, March, 1823.

4th. Jared Reed; ordained, October 8, 1823; dismissed, June 12, 1833.

5th. Aaron Picket; installed, September 25, 1833; present minister.

In 1827 a Unitarian society was formed. Preaching much of the time for several years, but no settled minister. This society does not now support preaching, and an Universalist society worships in the same house.

First Baptist Church in West, now South Parish, was organized, September 10, 1832—seventeen members. Their house of worship was erected in 1836.

1st minister, Henry Smith; ordained, June 2, 1837; dismissed, May 4, 1838. They have had no settled pastor since; yet most of the time have had preaching. Number of church members at present, fifty-three.

A Universalist society was formed in South Reading, April 29, 1813.

1st minister, John C. Newell, who preached one third of the time, and continued two years.

2d. Henry Jewell; settled, 1837; left, 1840. Their meeting-house was erected, 1839.

3d. Henry Lyon; settled, 1840, and left, 1841.

4th. Stillman Borden; settled, 1841, and left, 1842.

5th. John H. Willis; settled, 1842, and still continues.

A Universalist society was formed some years since in North Reading, but has never had a settled pastor. They have a handsome meeting-house, in which they

have preaching occasionally. A Methodist society was formed in the North Parish, within a few years, and have erected a meeting-house. A "Christian" society was formed in South Reading in 1844, and settled Rev. Charles Bryant. They worship in the building recently occupied by the South Reading Academy.

The Sabbath, the public worship of God, the preached word, and the christian ordinances, were sacred and dear to the first settlers, and have been so regarded through their successive generations to the present time. It was their faith in God that strengthened them to toil and to suffer with patience and fortitude. Their piety was the parent and the nurse of their virtues, as it was the solace of their sorrows. They cherished the glad tidings and exceedingly great and precious promises of the gospel, as the most precious boon of heaven conferred upon man. The christian ministry was sustained and reverently regarded by them as a divine institution. The christian pastor in those days was clothed, in his own estimation and that of the people, with a sort of divine authority. Though this divine authority was denied the Papal priesthood by the Protestants, it was virtually retained by the clergy of the reformed churches; and the Puritan and Dissenting priests, in effect, assumed individually and collectively Papal and Episcopal authority. The idea of the necessary connection between church and state had prevailed for ages, and the ministers of the Puritan churches could not relinquish it, when they came here to escape the tyranny it exercised towards themselves in the old country. They for a long time, in con-

junction with the civil magistracy, exercised here a paramount authority. Determined to have a pure church, none could be members who dissented from their creed, and the ministers and the government uniting to deny civil privileges to those who were not church members, the clergy virtually wielded the supreme power of the colony. Dissent and exclusion from church membership became so extensive, that "in 1676 not more than one-sixth of the qualified inhabitants were freemen." "Five-sixths of the people were disfranchised by the influence of the ecclesiastical power." This was no intentional abuse of power in the clergy. They honestly regarded uniformity of faith and intolerance of error, as essential christian doctrines. Time and events slowly administered a practical corrective of this mistake. That they assumed and exercised a predominant and controlling influence and authority in the civil concerns of the people, naturally resulted from their being the most enlightened and best educated class of men in the colony. They were, with rare exceptions, as they have ever been, exemplary in their lives, and exerted a salutary influence in and out of the pulpit. They were the friends and patrons of the system of free schools. Until academies and higher seminaries of learning were multiplied, and our free schools were improved, as they have been since the commencement of the present century, especially within the few last years, a large portion of the young men of the more opulent families received their best tuition and the elements of their good character under the roofs of the rural clergymen of New England. The minister's family was the radiating point of intelligence, taste,

good manners and letters in the parish. And let me here acknowledge, that I owe the first awakening desire to obtain an education, to the influences emanating from the higher cultivation and taste, that distinguished the character and family of my spiritual father, the honored and excellent pastor of my native parish, the late Rev. Eliab Stone. To his eldest son, the Rev. Micah Stone, of Brookfield, then a tutor in Harvard University, I was indebted for the loan of books, which did more in forming and fostering my taste for letters, than all my learned instructors in academy or college. I doubt not that many of the educated natives of the several parishes of the town owe a similar debt to their respective pastors and their families.

It would give me pleasure to speak, had we time, and I am sure you would listen with a grateful interest to such notices of the lives and characters, as might be rescued from oblivion, of the good and faithful shepherds, who fed and refreshed their flocks with the bread and waters of life from the first, through a long and honored line, to the last venerable men, with whom disappeared the large wigs and hats, and with these much of the reverence and authority of their office; and, let us rejoice to add, much of the popular superstition, ignorance, bigotry, traditional error, and misapprehension of the true nature of religion, and of the individual responsibility, equality and freedom of all Christians.\*

It is a peculiar glory of our Puritan fathers — an act that stands alone, I believe, in the legislation of the

\* See epitaphs and notices of Reading ministers in Appendix.

many states of Christendom,— the law promulgated in the colony in 1647, “that every township of fifty householders should maintain a public school at the public expense; and every township of one hundred householders should maintain in like manner a grammar school, to instruct youth and fit them for the university— “to the end,” says the preamble to the law, “that learning may not be buried in the graves of our forefathers in church and commonwealth.” We infer that the first requisition of this law was complied with by the town from the fact of their compliance with the second in 1706, when John Rogers, of Salem, as you have heard, was appointed schoolmaster, to teach reading, writing, casting accounts, and the Latin and Greek tongues, for four months, at three pounds per month.

The number of persons from Reading, that have received a college education, and of native professional men, is, I believe, equal to that of any other town of the state in proportion to its population. South Reading has produced ten native ministers, fifteen native physicians, three native lawyers. In the formerly West, now South Parish, nineteen natives have received a liberal education. [See Appendix.] I am not informed of the number from the North Parish. Till near the close of the last century, little more had been taught in the common schools, for many years, than reading, writing and common arithmetic. About this time a great change in the central school of North Reading was effected by David Everet, a schoolmaster from Dartmouth college, who inspired in his pupils an emulation and a desire to excel in the several branches usually taught, and in many new ones which he

introduced, and created a thirst for knowledge which distinguished that generation from all that preceded and that have since been born there. It may not un-fitly be called the Augustan age of scholarship and learning in North Reading. Grammar, geography, rhetoric, and some other studies, together with dramatic exhibitions, for two or three seasons, stamped those seasons as a memorable era. The result of the impulse given to the youthful mind of the place was, that five individuals of that small Parish and two from the West Parish were simultaneously members, six of Harvard, and one of Dartmouth college.\*

Of eminent mén, that leave an enduring fame after them, the town can boast of but few that have figured very conspicuously either in its civil, military, ecclesiastical or literary history. That there were wise and good and influential men in all stages of its history there can be no doubt. But they had neither historian, nor poet, to rescue their names and their deeds from oblivion. When all were brave,—as they must have been, who were in perpetual conflict with the hostile natives and ferocious wild beasts,—that a Reading man, as you have heard, Jeremiah Swain, should have been selected to command a distant expedition against the Indians, is evidence of his distinguished reputation for military prowess and skill. At a later period there was a General Brown, of South Reading, distinguished alike by his military and civil prominence in the town.

\* From the North, Timothy Flint, Henry Putnam, Elias Upton, James Flint, Thomas Sawyer. From the West, Jonathan D. Weston, Nathan Parker.

Among our living brave men is your venerable townsman, David Parker, (I should say Captain or Admiral,) at the great age of ninety-one, who achieved a remarkable naval victory, during the war for independence. He and three other men of a crew, that had escaped from their vessel—which was taken by an English sloop of war, from an island upon which they had landed with their log canoe and their muskets, which were all they had saved from their vessel—a few days after their landing, saw a coaster between them and the main land, steering for Halifax. He proposed to the three men, (the captain and the rest of the crew being on another part of the island,) to board the coaster with their log canoe and make a prize of her. They consented, and the Captain of the coaster, taking them for duck hunters, permitted them to go on board. Mr. Parker immediately lowered the jib and the other men put up the helm. The amazed master of the coaster asking them what they meant, the admiral of the log canoe told him they were Americans—that he and his men were prisoners, and his vessel their prize—that they, being four in number, he and his men but three, they were the strongest, and it were vain to resist. The master of the coaster, sensible of the odds, surrendered, saying, “It is a shame”—using an epithet I do not choose to repeat—“to be taken by a log canoe; were it by a well-manned vessel I should not care.” The admiral of the log canoe replied, that “he thought as much.” Taking their own captain and the rest of the crew from the island on board, they brought their prize safe to anchor in Salem harbor.

Joseph Frye was a prominent and useful citizen of

the North Parish, during the first half century of its history. He was a self-made man, as would appear from the following anecdote. When a boy, at church, he saw 'squire Peters taking notes after the preacher. He went home and made ink from a burnt bone, and attempted to write; but found it difficult to make a mark with his pen. Next Sabbath he observed 'squire Peters make a split in his pen, which he adopted, and was able to begin writing. He attended school only two weeks, but he became an excellent penman, as the town and parish records in his hand-writing show. He became a land surveyor, and took a plan of the town, and another of the North Parish, which is still preserved. He bought the farm formerly owned by Aaron Upton. His wife was killed by lightning. He married a second wife, viz: the widow Mary Foster, who, after his death, was well remembered, as the widow Mary Frye. There is but one descendant of the name now living, viz: Azubith Frye. He was a large man, weighing three hundred and sixty-five pounds. He died seventy-seven years ago last December, i. e., 1843, aged seventy-seven years.

Of the educated professional men of a later generation, the late Dr. Bancroft, a native of the West Parish, attained the highest eminence in his profession, as a theologian, an able writer, an honored and beloved pastor of an enlightened and devoted people, for more than half a century. His son, George Bancroft, Esq., of Boston, is the accomplished author of a well-known classical and philosophical History of the United States, which will make the name of Bancroft commensurate in duration with the name and fortunes of our country.

Another native of the same Parish, still later born, the late Rev. Dr. Nathan Parker, fulfilled in Portsmouth, N. H., a ministry of near thirty years, enlightened, efficient, and successful, almost without a parallel in the ministries of the growing denomination to which he belonged, of which he was a truly evangelical specimen and ornament. His elder brother, the late Edmund Parker, jr., was a highly esteemed, intelligent, and useful citizen, who, from actual survey, published an accurate map of Reading, in 1831, accompanied with valuable statistics.

There is another individual, who has attained a wider celebrity than any other native of the town, distinguished for genius, and as a voluminous author, whose writings have acquired for him, not only an American, but a European reputation,—my kinsman, and most intimate and dear friend from our boyhood to the day of his death,—the late Rev. Timothy Flint. Had we time to spare, we might dwell with pride upon a name that will confer the most lasting distinction upon the North Precinct of Reading, as the birth-place of a writer, whose works will secure for him an honorable and enduring record in the history of the rising literature of our country. My affection for my gifted friend while he lived, and the fond regret with which I cherish his memory, would prompt me to say much of what he was to me, and of what he gave of himself to the public; but I forbear further notice of his merits at present, as a writer and a man, hoping, as I do, ere long, should I live, to give to the public his biography, chiefly from his published and private letters to me, together with a continuation of his Recol-

lections of the West, in a second part, which, at his decease, he left with me in manuscript.

Names of men and women, of the revered and loved, the good and beautiful, long since departed, throng and people my memory of by-gone days — of whom I should delight to speak, and paint them to the living, as their shadowy forms often reappear to my mind's eye. When a small boy, I well remember hearing the Rev. Mr. Prentiss, of South Reading, in the pulpit of the North Precinct, plead with his hearers, in mild and persuasive intonations of voice, to submit themselves to Jesus, as their saviour, from the text, *It may be, they will reverence my son.* His son Charles, cotemporary in college with my elder brother, and his beautiful daughter, Sophia,\* both talented, and both writers of verses, are bright visions of my boyhood, whom I saw as I stopped at their father's house, with my brother, when I went riding behind him, as I often did, to take back the horse from Cambridge. Of the warm and true-hearted Weston, my class-mate in college — of Henry Putnam, early loved, and early lamented, my play-mate and class-mate also — of his lovely sister, Mary, and of Mary Stone, environed in my youthful imagination with all the enchantments of beauty, wit, and romance — the beauty of both in their prime of wedded womanhood, destined to *consume in the grave* — I would, gladly, but must not pause to speak.

The town, from its incorporation to the present time, under the several forms of the colonial and state governments, has never been wanting in able and faithful men, to whom, as their deputies and representatives,

\* See in Appendix, lines by her, entitled, "Adieu to Reading."

the people could safely confide the care of their interests in the legislature, and the management of their municipal concerns at home. Among these (see the names of representatives and selectmen in Appendix) are the names of many, some long since and some more recently departed, deservedly honored in their generation, and of others who still survive, respected and honored by their grateful fellow-citizens. There have been two members of the State Senate from South Reading—the Hon. John Hart, and the Hon. Lilley Eaton, your poet to-day; the former elected five, and the latter two years in succession. Hon. Edmund Parker, of the West Parish, was a Councillor in 1840, and Senator in 1841. Thaddeus Spaulding, from South Reading, was chosen Councillor in 1842 and 1844.

The present generation, surrounded with the conveniences and comforts, not to say luxuries, now so generally enjoyed, can but imperfectly comprehend how their progenitors lived and fared. The fine wool, linen, and cotton fabrics and silks, now so commonly worn, were then worn only by the aristocracy, and homespun by the common people. Shoes were little worn in summer, by farmers and their families, except on the sabbath and holidays. Wheat flour was used only for Thanksgiving and other festivals. Rye and Indian was the daily bread in the country. Tea and coffee were only occasional luxuries. Through the greater part of the year, for dinner, salt beef and pork were boiled with beans and other vegetables. A broth, called bean-porridge, was made from the liquor in the pot, which went by the name of the black-cow-with-three-legs. This formed the common morning and evening

meal, till the cows calved in spring, when the luxury of milk, pure or mixed with the broth, was enjoyed. I remember, when a boy, my elder half-brother, the late Col. Daniel Flint, used jestingly to say, that he had eaten bean-porridge enough to fill a canal a mile long, large enough for him to swim in. Splinters of pitch-pine knots were used for lights instead of candles. Many an evening have I read and studied to a late hour by these lights. I can remember when not more than half a dozen chaises were owned in North Reading. Venerable farmers, with their wives, on pillions behind them, rode to meeting on their horses. The hymn was then read by the deacon, a line at a time, and so sung by the choir. This usage ceased, when a new collection of hymns was introduced, together with a bass-viol, to aid the choir of singers. To this innovation, Capt. John Flint, to whose unbending, conservative temper I have before alluded, was irreconcilably opposed. I well remember to have seen this venerable white-haired man, with his long cane, walk doggedly the whole length of the broad aisle out of the house, while the hymn was reading, and taking his stand during the singing, at sufficient distance to be out of hearing of the profane viol. Yet I remember this man taking me, out of pure kindness, when a child, a bee-hunting with him.

I must not omit some notice of a remarkable personage, an object of mischievous sport, and when provoked, of terror and danger even to the young men of the place—a colored man by the name of Jonah. There were, before the revolution, between twenty and thirty colored persons in the several par-

ishes, owned by different proprietors, as slaves.\* Several of these, when the war commenced, had their freedom given them, upon condition of entering the army. They proved good and brave soldiers. There were two full companies of blacks in the continental army when it was disbanded at Newbern. The rest were freed, most of them voluntarily, by their masters, and all, after the peace, by a law of the state. "Old Jonah," as he was called, received his freedom by purchase from his son, Peter. He was brought into Salem, when a boy, from a place in Africa, called Oboo, and sold as a slave to a Mr. Flint, of Reading. He married Hannah Moody, a free negress, from Lynn, some years younger than himself. He lived in a small hut, at which wild young fellows, in the evening, would throw stones and run, he, in his wrath, giving them chase till he found the pursuit vain. Once my half-brother, before mentioned, was one of these lads, whom Jonah overtook by a shorter route, and aimed, with fury, a heavy club at the head of the youth, who was saved from instant death by interposing a beer-barrel he was carrying home, which received the blow and was broken to pieces, instead of the head of the culprit, who made his escape. When Jonah received the news of his son's death, who died in the army, he went and told his grief to Master Flint, saying it was very hard for him to have Peter go into the army and die there; but, taking comfort, as many a richer heir has done, for the loss of a dear relative, he added, in a more cheerful tone of voice, "He has left a pretty deal of money —

\* See Appendix.

some comfort in that, Masser Flint." Jonah was pious, and for many years was a member of Mr. Stone's church. He used to pray every night before retiring, quite loud; but the only words that could be distinctly made out, were "Heavenly Fader," frequently repeated. He fancied he had a call to go about and convert sinners—"vart," as he expressed it. He grieved that he could not "vart" Masser Flint, my brother, whom the beer-barrel saved. He could "vart" the ladies, he said; but complained that they would "vart" back again. In his old age, he had visions. One of these I will relate—not taken from Baron Swedenborg's *Arcana Cælestia*, for he could not read. He was taken up into heaven, he said, by long *ballesters*, where he saw eberything shining bright like gold; after seeing many things, he looked away down over the *ballesters*, where he saw hell and *Bellzebug* chained in a great pile of burning wood, like a coal-pit; and ebery once in awhile *Bellzebug* would groan in pain, and kick in the fire, and make the sparks fly up; and that what makes the light in the north." Jonah died in 1806, being, as was supposed, one hundred and seven years old. "Doss," in South Reading, a soldier of the Revolution, was also a noted man in his day, much celebrated for feats of strength and agility.

When called to fight for their liberty, our fathers felt that these colored persons were human beings, like themselves, and that freedom was as much their birth-right, and as sweet to the man of color as to the white man; and when they gave them their liberty, they only gave up that to which they felt they had no valid claim. Alas! that they should have allowed this claim to have

become a constitutional right to holders of slaves in the South! Yet what is it now to those who held, or to those who were holden in bondage, that there was this difference in their condition during their short sojourn upon earth? They have long since passed, as soon must pass alike masters and slaves at the South, to that mysterious bourn, where the wronged and the oppressed *shall hear no more the voice of the oppressor, and where the servant is free from his master*—where all virtuous endurance of wrong shall be amply compensated, and the doer of the wrong receive a righteous retribution from the equal Father of all, with whom there is no respect of persons.

The more recent history of the town is better known to yourselves than to me, who, for the last forty years, have been only an occasional and transient visiter in the place. The statistics [see Appendix,] furnished by your Committee, show that, in population, in manufactures, and most of the industrial pursuits and interests of a thriving community, there has been a large and rapid increase within the last fifteen or twenty years. It is visible in the improved appearance of every part of the town. While the village in South Reading has been growing in extent and beauty, in the old Woodend, and the old North Precinct, in both of which, in my boyhood, there were few other than the scattered dwellings on the separate farms—there has grown up in the one, within a few years, a compact and handsome village, and a promising beginning of one in the other. To this growth two causes have mainly contributed—the long continuance of peace since the last war with England, and the declaration

and vigorous prosecution of the more recent and glorious war of the people against the use of intoxicating liquors. Of the benefits and blessings of peace, all communities partake alike, in their measure. Of the blessings of temperance, all partake in proportion to its prevalence, and the amount of intemperance that has been suppressed. Not long since intemperate drinking threatened my native parish to an alarming extent, I have been told, with poverty, wretchedness, and desolation. I have not been informed how it was with South Reading and Woodend. But the change in North Reading is most manifest and cheering, in the whole aspect and character of the place. Peace and temperance, daughters of heaven! God prosper and multiply their friends and advocates, till their wasteful antagonists, the war-spirit and distilled spirit, are banished forever from the hearts and habitations of our race.

Two centuries have now gone by, and five generations passed away,—each more numerous than the other by the usual ratio of natural increase,—since the echoes of the forests, that once covered what is now the fair domain of Reading and South Reading, were disturbed by the sound of the first settler's axe. Within the boundaries of this domain, the many thousands of individual souls that constituted these generations, made in the likeness of God, and created to be an image of his eternity, all passed their allotted periods of a brief or protracted life, as was deemed best for each by the Maker of all. Here they were placed in their diversified conditions, determined by circumstances beyond human con-

trol. Here was the more or less extended sphere of action and opportunity to be filled according to each one's ability, means, and the free agency which each might use for good, or misuse for evil. Here they acted well or ill their parts for good or for harm to themselves and each other. Here all drank their respective portions of the sweet and bitter ingredients that are mixed by their own hands, or the hand of Providence, in the cup which life presents for all to drink. Great events, wars and revolutions, took place, and great men figured and disappeared, in their times, as in ours. While the noise of what was doing in the world was at a distance, they only heard the faint echo, as we do, undisturbed and engrossed by the immediate cares and interests of life. When the Indian and old French wars, and the thickening harbingers and final outbreaks of hostility with England, obliged them to take an active part in the mighty events of their time, they acquitted themselves bravely and loyally, under the old government, and as good and patriotic citizens under the new government of their choice. Save here and there a hoary and time-stricken survivor of the last, all of those five generations are gone. They have long since ceased to toil, to hope or to fear, to rejoice or to mourn, with the dwellers upon earth. Other hands plant and other hands reap the harvests of their fields, while they are reaping in eternity the harvests, the seeds of which they sowed here, as they performed or neglected the great work that was before them. Their strong hands and warm hearts, their plain sense and simple manners, their old-fashioned household affections and joys, the blessings that sanc-

tified their food, their solemn prayers and ancient hymns, are all gone from their old homes. And not a few of these old homes are gone, and the sites they occupied forgotten. *Our fathers—where are they?* Their dust reposes in the graves, that for two hundred years have been swelling the turf with fresh-raised mounds, in the several burial-places of the town. The old meeting-houses, which the first generations made vocal with prayer and praise, have disappeared, with the multitudes that kept holy time in them. Other houses and other worshippers have taken their place. These in their turn will soon be gone, and like the others leave no vestige of their existence after them. *Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.*

Yet the scene of his labors continues with little change, except those changes which his labors effect. The natural configuration of the diversified territory of the town, its hills and meadows, its plains and valleys, are little altered since my remembrance. Its brooks and streams flow on in their old channels. The same charming features of the scenery around the ponds in South Reading are still reflected in their pure and limpid waters. Swan and Martin's ponds, in North Reading—whose beautiful and fragrant lilies I often gathered in their season when a boy, and from whose waters I drew many a shining trophy of my youthful passion for angling—still yield their lilies and sport to the angler, unchanged in themselves, though no longer the same to me; since in one of them my aged father, in the other an elder brother and a young kinsman, met their final change.

But see what changes have been wrought by the hands of those generations that have dwelt here before you. We regret that they have left so few records of themselves and their times, to gratify a natural curiosity which their descendants feel, to know much more than we have heard of our ancestors to-day. Let this deficiency admonish us to spare our posterity this regret. They had not many scribes, not many learned men of leisure among them, to record their history. But what do I say? They have written their history with their own hands, in a book and in characters more beautiful, significant, and enduring, than any printed words or records upon paper or parchment. You may read it in your cultivated fields, your rich pastures, your fruitful orchards and gardens, your old wells of pure water, your fine roads, and in the whole fair and flourishing aspect of your villages and farms — the goodly heritage which they slowly and laboriously won from what, two hundred years since, was one unbroken wilderness of forests and swamps. Yes, you may indeed read their history in this your inherited patrimony ; and, if your hearts are human, you will read it with eyes suffused with tears of grateful veneration and affection for the memory of your fathers, when you reflect that there is no spot, of all this broad and rich domain, upon which their sweat has not dropped, and their sinews been strained, and their strength spent in toil, to make it such as it has come down to you.

Ministers, physicians, lawyers, statesmen, scholars, merchants, are all good and useful in their place ; mariners and mechanics indispensable, as are all who ply the useful and ornamental arts. But it is the

strong-handed, intelligent, laborious, independent, and virtuous yeomanry of New England, that have made what was once a frowning wilderness now the smiling abode of plenty, the happy home of the contented myriads that own and till her soil, the fruitful mother of other myriads, that carry New England hearts and New England principles into every State and section of our great country; modelling their institutions after those of their native land; still hailed, still proclaimed to the world by them,

“ In her morals, religion, and learning,  
The glory and pride of all lands.”

Natives and inhabitants of Reading and South Reading—sons and daughters of such fathers and mothers, as have transmitted to you, with their good name, this goodly heritage—so live, so think and act, that, when at the close of another century these observances shall be repeated, though not one of us or of our children, save here and there one with gray hair and tottering limbs shall be present at that celebration, it may be said of you by your descendants, as we this day say of our ancestors, we bless their memory for the inheritance they have transmitted to us, of freedom, honesty, industry, temperance, good laws, good order, good learning, the Christian faith, and the hope full of immortality.



# A POEM,

DELIVERED AT THE

READING BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,

MAY 29, 1844.

BY LILLEY EATON,

OF SOUTH READING.



## P O E M .

---

“ Of all the nations, far or near,  
I count my native land most dear,—  
Of all the cities, east or west,  
I love my native town the best.”

AND when I heard of your command,  
That I should sing this glorious land,  
And celebrate, on this great day,  
With poetry’s inspiring lay,  
The deeds antique, each worthy name  
Of ancient and centennial fame ;  
Should brush the cobwebs and the dust  
From the fair records of the past,  
Hunt up the ancient settler’s staff,  
And sing the old, quaint epitaph ;  
Should cull the flowers, that still unroll  
About the ancient cellar hole,  
Wasting upon the desert air  
Their beauty and their fragrance there ;  
Rehearse the progress of that race,  
Who first made this their dwelling-place,  
Drove out the savage, wolf, and bear,  
And made the forest to retire ;  
Who scattered fruits and flowers abroad,  
Who rais’d the temple to their God,  
And made this western wilderness,  
A pleasant, quiet resting-place ;  
My heart beat high with honest pride,  
That you should thus in me confide ;

That I should have the noble trust,  
To celebrate the sacred dust  
Of those, who liv'd, and toil'd, and died,  
Where we, their children, now reside.

Rapt with the thoughts of my great charge,  
Fancy within began t' enlarge  
Imagination's kindling fire,  
My willing soul with zeal to inspire ;  
With haste I hied me to the place  
The Muses with their presence grace ;  
Inhal'd Parnassian breezes there,  
And sought to catch poetic fire.  
Before Apollo's shrine I knelt,  
Pour'd forth the longings that I felt,  
My off'rings on his altar laid,  
And to the oracle thus pray'd:  
" Give me old Hercules, his zeal  
And strength, to roll old Time's great wheel  
Back on the ages of the past,  
And turn up centuries, at least ;  
Give me the winged horse, whereon,  
O'er the long track of times bygone,  
High-mounted, I may ride and see  
The wonders of antiquity ;  
Give me Briarean hands, and skill  
T' employ them all, with ready will ;  
To dig, mid dust of years gone o'er,  
For ancient, curious, valued lore ;  
To chisel new upon the stones,  
Which tell where rest our fathers' bones,  
The odd inscriptions wrote thereon,  
The old death's head, the angel's horn,—  
And O, that I possess'd, beside,  
Old 'Zekiel's power, who prophesied ;  
That I might call the slumbering dead  
To rise from their long, darksome bed ;  
And live again, a mighty-host,  
To grace this our centennial feast.  
Give me, at least, to ascend thy seat,  
And, standing humbly at thy feet,  
Show me old Time's perspective glass,  
Make pristine years before it pass,

That I may see, and learn and tell,  
What wonders our old sires befell."

Apollo smil'd, and struck his lyre,—  
Bright sparkled forth poetic fire ;  
Sweet "music of the spheres" I heard,  
And soon I caught this gracious word :—  
"Enter my courts ; to you the old  
Historic page I will unfold :  
Your native land, your ancient sires,  
To gratify your warm desires,  
I'll bring before your wond'ring view,  
As they appear'd long time ago.  
Four different views, each different stage,  
As Reading look'd from age to age,  
I'll draw from th' old ancestral halls,  
Where now they grace the dusty walls.  
Select the years, that best will please you,  
I'll spread them on a map before you."  
I thank'd the oracle divine  
For words so gracious and benign ;  
"Give me, for picture number *one*,  
The year our township first begun ;  
Then number *two*, and *three*, and *four*,  
As each half century circled o'er."

Within a temple, large and high,  
Where stores of antique science lie,  
Within a dark recess, I found  
Th' historic priestess of the ground,  
With magic lantern in her hand,  
Of compound lens and flaming brand ;  
And on th' illuminid plane she threw  
A diagram of brilliant hue,  
Whereon, the face old Reading wore  
In sixteen hundred forty-four.

I scann'd the picture thus unroll'd,  
To learn the story that it told,—  
Fair, lovely lakes, with sparkling wave,  
Where fowls, unscar'd, their plumage lave ;  
The flowing, rolling, pleasant river,  
All look'd as now, and will forever ;

But all the balance of the map  
Show'd nature in its wildest shape.  
A forest deep, scarce yet explor'd,  
Where savage beasts both roam'd and roar'd,  
Where bears ferocious boldly prowld,  
And wolves and wild-cats nightly howl'd.  
But in the Southern part I see  
The rising smoke curl light and free,  
Floating above the lofty trees,  
Borne upward by the rising breeze;  
A closer look shows here and there,  
Half hid by branches stretching o'er,  
The settler's cottage, rude and small,  
Its roof of thatch, of logs its wall;  
On either side attach'd thereto,  
The barn appears, and hogsty too;  
In front, the children and the pig  
Together play, and run, and dig;  
Within, the sober matrons sit,  
And spin, and weave, and sew, and knit;  
Without, the lowing, bleating herd  
Browse up such food as woods afford;  
And, clearing up the fertile tracts,  
The sturdy settler swings his axe;  
With homespun breeches, buckled tight,  
With hempen frock and cock'd-up hat,  
With leather apron, tied before,  
And shoes with bear-skin cover'd o'er;  
His loaded gun stands resting near,  
To shoot, if need be, wolf or bear.

I ask'd the dame, who thus unroll'd  
This ancient map of Reading old,  
To write, above each cottage door,  
The name its ancient owner wore;  
And, lo! forthwith, each worthy name  
Shone clearly on this roll of fame.

And first I saw upon the spot,—  
Where now, in place of lowly cot,  
A spacious house stands high and proudly,—  
The old log hut of Deacon Cowdrey;  
Where now resides the oldest man,

At present living in the town ;  
An odd, eccentric sort of creature,  
Who's always call'd old grandsir Sweetser ;  
A man, who's had the fortune rare,  
To vote, at an "Election Fair,"  
To the surprise of ev'ry one,  
With son, grandson, and great-grandson !  
This ancient Deacon, that I nam'd,  
Was long in this old township fam'd ;  
Was Selectman and public Clerk,  
The man to do the penman's work ;  
And all these trusts, as it appears,  
Discharg'd for more than forty years.

I farther look'd ; and on the hill,  
Where now the heirs of John Gould dwell,  
Upon the western slope or pitch,  
There liv'd old Zackariah Fitch ;  
His name he gave to hill and lane,  
A name they both as yet retain ;  
'T was said, " so narrow was that street,  
That loaded teams could not there *meet* !  
This Goodman Fitch was deacon too,  
And I have heard the story true,  
That when his neighbors were attack'd,  
As with first settlers is the fact,  
With chills and heat, with cold and shiver,  
Sure consequence of Aguean fever,  
And so desisted from their labors,  
And crawl'd about among their neighbors,  
Old father Fitch would laugh to scorn  
Their shiv'ring pains and looks forlorn,  
Would call them lazy, 'fraid of work,  
And thus crack on the cruel joke ;  
But soon it happen'd, we are told,  
The Aguean fever, and the cold,  
Seized Mister Fitch, to his great grief,  
And set him shiv'ring like a leaf.  
His neighbors then, with roguish haste,  
Came to console their friend's distress ;  
" O, Deacon Fitch ! you lazy too !  
Come, go to work, we 'll venture you ! "  
" Ah," cried old Zackery, with a sigh,  
" You were not half so sick as I "

I farther search'd ; and on the plains,  
 Where now James Emerson remains,  
 There liv'd, untouched by breath of scandal,  
 Good Deacon Sargent, Thomas Kendall ;  
 And on his tombstone you may see,  
 Inscriv'd in ancient poetry :  
 "Here in the earth we lay  
 One of the seven of this church's foundation ;  
 So to remain till the powerful voice say,  
 Rise in health, a glorious habitation ;  
 A pattern of piety and of peace,  
 But now, alas, how short his race !  
 Here we mourn, and mourn we must,  
 To see Zion's stones like gold laid in the dust."  
 His wife outliv'd for many years  
 The partner of her youthful days,  
 Was fam'd through all the region round,  
 As the best nurse that could be found ;  
 She had ten daughters, and each one,  
 When married, christen'd her first son  
 Kendall, and thus we may infer  
 Why 't is these names so oft occur.  
 This ancient mother liv'd to see  
 Nine scores of her posterity,  
 Enjoy'd the power, before she died,  
 Of saying what's to most denied :  
 "Rise, daughter, to thy daughter run,  
 Thy daughter's daughter has a son."  
 A relic of this famous nurse  
 Has been preserv'd and shown to us ;  
 Excuse me, ladies, when I tell it,  
 I've got old Mother Kendall's skillet !  
 And here it is, the identic pot  
 She used for puddings, and what not.\*

Again the diagram I scann'd ;  
 And near the place, where now there stand  
 The buildings own'd by Major Winn,  
 Old Richard Walker's house was seen ;  
 Of Reading trainband he was first,  
 Who held the Captain's lofty trust ;  
 A man of faith and courage great,

\* An iron kettle, actually owned by Deacon Thomas Kendall, two centuries ago, used for making hasty puddings, frequently loaned to the Indians, and known as Mother Kendall's skillet, was here shown to the audience.

To fight the battles of the State ;  
 And thus we find, that with his men,  
 He went to Saugus, now called Lynn,  
 And fought the eastern Indians there,  
 " Whose poison'd arrows fill'd the air ;  
 And two of which, these savage foes  
 Lodg'd safely in old Walker's — *clothes.*"  
 But when the order went about  
 To let the great guns thunder out,  
 Old Johnson \* says, " their mighty shocks,  
 Their rattling echoes 'mong the rocks,  
 So scar'd these Indians with the sound,  
 That, with all haste, they quit the ground ;  
 And, like the ancient Syrian host,  
 In great dismay they fled the coast."

And on the same identic land,  
 Where Smith, the Deacon, lately own'd,  
 Old Richard Nichols did reside,  
 There liv'd and labor'd, pray'd and died.

Giving the map another look,  
 On Cowdrey's hill, near Bare-Hill brook,  
 I find the now forsaken spot  
 Where Jonas Eaton rear'd his cot ;  
 The unfill'd cellar, swarded o'er,  
 The fruit-trees shading it before,  
 Some scattering roses, ling'ring round,  
 On this deserted, ancient ground,  
 Alone remain, the fact to tell,  
 Where this old settler once did dwell.  
 Old Eaton, as the record says,  
 Was Selectman in former days,  
 Was farmer too — and if he fail'd  
 To make the *land* a *product* yield,  
 No want of *crops* was found *inside*,  
 The *children* grew and multiplied.  
 And like their ancient namesake, who  
 The old surname of Eaton drew  
 Upon himself, because, by day or night,  
 He would indulge his appetite,  
 So they great eaters too became,

\* See Johnson's Wonder-working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England.

And ate them out of house and home,  
And scattering from the homestead round,  
You'll find them now all o'er the town ;  
And as those plants will thrive the best,  
That, after all, are worth the *least*,  
So this old race have long been spreading  
O'er ev'ry part of ancient Reading.

Concerning one of this old race,  
A wondrous tale I must rehearse ;  
Some seventy years ago, or more,  
He died, his christian name was Noah ;  
He liv'd in that old honor'd mansion,  
That Deacon Jacob owns, his grandson ;  
Another house was standing near,  
Where now the Spaulding buildings are,  
'T was own'd by Ephraim Weston's heirs,  
The Weston homestead, it appears ;  
This house was haunted, it was said,  
And fearful noises there were heard ;  
The startling raps, by hands unknown,  
The child-like cries, the horrid groan,  
The doors self-open'd, and the chairs,  
Unaided, rocking on the floors,  
Till soon the house, deserted stands,  
Fear'd and avoided on all hands ;  
About this time old Noah died,  
Was gather'd to his fathers' side ;  
And on one dark and dismal night,  
When moon and stars were hid from sight,  
The old town-clock had toll'd the hour  
Of midnight, some two hours before,  
One Thomas Richardson was found  
Within the old town burial-ground,  
Walking along among the graves,  
Near where the lakelet spends its waves ;  
With gun and game-bag, pouch and horn,  
And other traps to hunters known,  
Was trudging on to try his luck, —  
In sitting for the untam'd duck, —  
When, suddenly, a mighty sound  
Came rushing fearful all around,  
It seem'd as if the earth and heaven  
Were to one great concussion driven :

A light unearthly glimmers round !  
 A form starts rising from the ground !  
 With face all ghastly, pale and white,  
 And body wrapp'd in winding-sheet !  
 The spirit shakes his palsied hand,  
 And bids the fright'ned hunter stand !  
 Who quakes through ev'ry joint and pore,  
 As he beholds old father Noah !  
 His hair erect, stands stiff and straight,  
 His heart with rapid thumpings beat,  
 He trembling, calls on Heaven to save,  
 And hears a message from the grave ;  
 Agrees t' obey the dead man's prayer,  
 Who straightway vanish'd into air.  
 The nature of this ghostly prayer,  
 Old Thomas would not e'er declare,  
 Except that noises, heard before,  
 Would 'larm the haunted house no more.

About one other of this race,  
 A legend here must have a place ;  
 Of one, whose house stood on those stones,  
 Where now John Pope, the deacon, owns ;  
 One 'Thaniel Eaton, I've been told,  
 Deep-blinded by the love of gold, —  
 That cursed love, which works all evil,  
 And makes men act just like the devil, —  
 'T was when our fathers sought applause,  
 In the old French and Indian wars,  
 Once saw, within his quiet home,  
 A stranger, pale and trembling, come ;  
 A man, impress'd perhaps to go,  
 Against his will, to fight the foe,  
 Had now deserted from his post,  
 And sought to gain his freedom lost ;  
 He to this ancestor appeal'd,  
 Implor'd to be awhile conceal'd,  
 Until the ardor of pursuit  
 Should rise, pass over, and abate ;  
 Nathaniel promis'd he would give  
 Asylum to the fugitive ;  
 And, hunting up a sly retreat,  
 This poor deserter did secrete.  
 But when soon after it was told,

That a reward in shining gold  
 Would be paid over to the man,  
 Who this deserter should return,  
 Old Eaton's charity gave way,  
 And sordid mammon took the sway ;  
 He seiz'd his lodger, bound him tight,  
 And back to camp he bore him straight,  
 Receiv'd the bribe his baseness earn'd,  
 And on his journey home return'd ;  
 But ere he quite had left the ground,  
 He thought he would just look around, —  
 O ! dreadful sight ! the man he bare  
 Already hanging in the air !  
 'T is said, that while upon their way  
 Back to the camp the man did pray,  
 " That Heaven its direst curse would send  
 On him, who thus betray'd his friend ; "  
 Fear seiz'd the traitor, inward dread,  
 The dead man's curse was on his head,  
 He found no peace where'er he went,  
 His days in misery were spent,  
 Till, Judas-like, he quit his pelf,  
 And straightway went and hung himself.  
 And some there are, think they can trace,  
 Through four successions of his race,  
 The consequences of that curse,  
 Pronounc'd upon old Eaton's house.

One story more, and I'll let be  
 The ashes of this family :  
 Of Reuben Eaton, I must quote  
 One entertaining anecdote :  
 He liv'd within those cottage walls,  
 Where Adam Hawkes the senior dwells ;  
 A place, that once was occupied  
 By Felches, who 've remov'd or died,  
 And since by Pomp, a man of color,\*  
 Than whom, ne'er liv'd a better fellow.  
 'T was when the tocsin, loud and shrill,  
 Thundering along, o'er dale and hill,  
 Among our valiant sires arrive,  
 In se'enteen hundred se'enty-five ;

\* See Appendix, note M.

And while his neighbors, bustling round,  
Caught up such arms as first they found,  
And hurried off upon the run,  
Our hero coolly took his gun  
And wash'd it out, new flint put on,  
Replenish'd his old powder-horn,  
His bullet-pouch he well supplied,  
And ev'ry preparation made ;  
With rapid steps he then mov'd on  
Along the road to Lexington.  
He met the foe on their return  
From Concord, routed, tir'd, and worn ;  
Forthwith he join'd th' exciting chase,  
And choosing some sly hiding-place,  
Along the road, somewhat ahead,  
On which the flying British sped,  
Behind a house, a tree or wall,  
He there let fly th' unerring ball ;  
And as he said, when thereof speaking,  
“ He did enjoy most glorious picking ; ”  
But staying longer than he ought,  
To give another, *one more* shot,  
The flanking guard, with rapid march,  
For secret shooters making search,  
Surpris'd our hero at his post,  
And, hasting, captur'd him — *almost* —  
But our brave friend had no desire,  
The foeman's galling chain to wear,  
So, starting from the scene of strife,  
He “ *put her through*, ” as for dear life ;  
The British shot came whizzing on,  
To bring this saucy rebel down,  
But he the flash perceives and falls,  
And o'er him pass the harmless balls ;  
Then springing up, he onward runs, —  
Again crack-off the British guns —  
Again he drops upon his face,  
Unhurt amid the dang'rous chase !  
The foe, supposing they had slain  
The man, march'd on, and he again  
Sprang to his feet and thus got clear,  
But not until he heard them swear,  
“ That twice they'd pierc'd that Yankee's liver,  
But still he'd run as fast as ever.”

And near old Jonas Eaton's ground,  
 I trace the spot, where once was found  
 John Damon's ancient domicil,  
 A man of note and pious will ;  
 Was Selectman for many years,  
 Honest and faithful, it appears ;  
 Samuel, his son, as I 've heard say,  
 When he was feeble, old, and gray,  
 While riding 'long, 'side Reading pond,  
 Near where A. Foster's house is found,  
 His aged wife behind him sat,  
 When by a sudden, hasty fright,  
 They both were thrown from off their horse,  
 And aged Samuel found a corse.  
 A son of Samuel, John by name,  
 Who, to this western parish came,\*  
 Built yonder ancient Damon mansion,  
 Now occupied by his great-grandson ;  
 A relic of the *first* nam'd John  
 Has been preserv'd and handed down.  
 It shows us how, in pristine days,  
 Our early settlers ground their maize,  
 While yet the corn-mill, with its wheel,  
 Did not exist to give them meal ;  
 Their mills were work'd, unhelp'd by water,  
 Here's Father John's, a horn-bean mortar,  
 In which, he bruised his corn and rye,  
 To make his samp and hominy.†

Again I scann'd the diagram,  
 And soon espied the ancient home  
 Of old Frank Smith, of whom, 't is said,  
 For jack-knife new, with double blade,  
 He did induce an Indian chief  
 To make conveyance of the fief  
 Of large and valued tracts of land  
 Into his own soil-grasping hand.  
 They lay around that little lake,  
 That now the name, " Smith's Pond " doth take ;  
 His house, which now remaineth not,  
 Was situated near the spot

\* The celebration was held at the *West* Parish of "Reading."

† A veritable horn-bean mortar, two hundred years old, the property and workmanship of John Damon, a first settler, was here shown to the audience.

Where liv'd and died old Doctor Hart,  
 A man well skill'd in Galen's art ;  
 Who, in that dark and trying hour,  
 When we defied old Britain's power,  
 Among the first was found to go  
 And risk his life to meet the foe.  
 A son of Francis, Ben, by name,  
 First rais'd that apple, known to fame,  
 So juicy, rich, of flavor fine,  
 That still for him is called " the Ben ; "  
 Ben married for his youthful wife,  
 To be the partner of his life,  
 Old Peter Palfrey's daughter bland,\*  
 Who planted, on her husband's land,  
 A little tree, its fruit the same  
 They call'd Jeho'den, her christian name,  
 And e'en till now you still may see  
 The old Jeho'den apple-tree.

A little south of Smith's, was seen  
 The ancient seat of Major Green,  
 Down in that portion of the town,  
 Where Charles and Nathan live, and Brown ;  
 Two special traits appear'd to be  
 Peculiar to this family ;  
 The *first*, a strong desire to gain  
 Broad acres of the hill and plain,  
 A heart-case purse, well fill'd and lin'd  
 With gold and silver well refin'd ;  
 And some are present here, who 've seen  
 That curious miser, Nathan Green,  
 Who liv'd a bach'lor's lonely life,  
 To shun th' expenses of a wife ;  
 Who " would not give one whole hen's egg  
 To cure the dropsy in his leg ; "  
 Who hoarded thousands in the funds,  
 And said, for so tradition runs,  
 " If those, to whom my funds descend,  
 Take half the bliss my cash to spend,  
 That I've enjoy'd in its pursuit,  
 Why then forsooth they 're welcome to 't."

\* Peter Palfrey was one of the first settlers of Salem, and removed to Reading, where he died, in 1663 — his descendants remain at Salem.

Another feature of this race,  
 That time does scarcely yet efface,  
 Was this : to give their whole estate  
 Unto their sons, however great ;  
 While daughters had no cash or house  
 To buy a living, or a spouse.  
 These ancient people us'd to wear  
 A wig of artificial hair,—  
 Here 's one old Thomas Greene once wore,\*  
 Who own'd the mill in days of yore,  
 And who to customers would say :  
 “ *I 'll promise you, no grist to day.* ”

Another view the map unroll'd,  
 And show'd what 's now call'd “ Little World ; ”  
 Where once an iron furnace stood,  
 That made the castings, strong and good ;  
 And where John Wiley's house appears,  
 Its humble, clay-built wall uprears ;  
 'T was situated near the ground,  
 Where Ellis Wiley now is found,  
 And occupied those ancient lands,  
 That in his children's children's hands,  
 Have now two hundred years been seen,—  
 The instance sole, 'cept Major Green,  
 Excepting also one more case,  
 Namely, old Thomas Hartshorn's place,  
 Where his descendants still abide,  
 And Joseph Hartshorn does reside.  
 From father John a num'rous race  
 Have spread about from place to place,  
 And for one trait, that must be nam'd,  
 This family has long been fam'd ;  
 Music, the fair and heavenly maid,  
 Inspiring song and serenade,  
 Breathing, within her vot'ries' ear,  
 Sounds sweet, harmonious, and clear,  
 Has long made members of this race  
 The chosen objects of her grace ;  
 And even *now* you still may see  
 Sweet singers in this family.

\* Old Thomas Greene's wig was here exhibited.

Recurring to another part  
 Of this old entertaining chart,  
 I see, upon the self-same ground,  
 Where Abra'm Emerson is found,  
 Josiah Dustin's cottage door,  
 In which there liv'd, in days of yore,  
 Two daughters of this same Josiah,  
 Who caught fierce witchcraft's raging fire,—  
 That horrid madness they were curs'd in,  
 Their names were " Sal," and " Lydia Dustin ; "  
 The people thought that they possess'd  
 The devil's power within their breast,  
 And could infernal shapes assume,  
 Could ride on rails or on a broom,  
 And send all sorts of woe and pain,  
 To seize the maiden and the swain ;  
 At length, howe'er, the magistrate  
 These girls arrested for the State,  
 Imprison'd them in Boston jail,  
 Where they their misery bewail ;  
 New light at last the jury reaches,  
 And they acquit these harmless witches.

A little farther north, appear'd  
 The house John Batchelder first rear'd ;  
 It stood upon that pleasant site,  
 Since own'd by Evans, now by White.

At my old map I look'd again,  
 And found the house of Major Swayne ;  
 'T was situated near the ground,  
 Where Stowell, Issachar, is found.  
 This Major Swayne, the records say,  
 Was a great warrior in his day,  
 And in our ancient, Indian wars,  
 A victor chief, beloved of Mars ;  
 And when King Philip with his troop,  
 With tomahawk and dread war-whoop,  
 With poison'd arrows and fire-brand,  
 Bore down upon the pilgrim land,  
 Old Major Swayne, with courage true,  
 Forth to the post of danger flew,  
 Was made commander of the free,

And led them on to victory.  
And once, 'tis said, it so fell out,  
While Major Swayne was on a scout,  
Exploring swamps and other by-land,  
Within the State of old Rhode Island,  
He found the Indians, whom he sought,  
Gathered in force, within a fort;  
Our hero's numbers being few,  
He wish'd to hide them from their view,  
So lurking near their palisade,  
Conceal'd them there in ambuscade;  
Then, bold as e'er a lion was,  
His glitt'ring steel the Major draws,  
And, mounting on a rising stone,  
He cries, in loud, undaunted tone:  
" We've found the foe, let's storm the fort,  
To drive them thence will be but sport;  
Come, Captain Poole, and Sargent Brown,  
Wheel up your squadrons into line."  
The Indians heard this fearless boast,  
And thought there came a mighty host:  
With terror struck, and wild dismay,  
They quit the fort and ran away;  
Our little band with triumph then  
Into the empty fortress ran,  
Unfurl'd the flag of liberty,  
And gain'd a bloodless victory.

A little farther east, I found  
The mansion of old Nich'las Brown,  
The same old house, for aught I know,  
That still is standing down there now.

A son of Nich'las, John by name,  
In ancient days, was known to fame,  
Was Captain, Squire, and Selectman,  
And liv'd on Aaron Foster's land;  
He married for his second wife,  
To comfort his declining life,  
The widow Joseph Emerson,  
Whose husband preach'd in Mendon town;  
A son of hers, whose name was Peter,  
Married the Captain's only daughter,—  
Another son was Ebenezer,

Who married one Bethiah Parker ;  
And thus was settled in the place,  
The Emersons' most num'rous race.

Another of old Brown's descent,  
To fight the French and Indians went ;  
Thomas,\* his name ; while on a drive,  
In sev'nteen hundred fifty-five,  
To hunt the Indians at New York,  
And stop their big and boasting talk,  
Was, with his party, there surpris'd,  
And by that ruthless foe was seiz'd,  
Stript of his hat, and coat, and vest,  
And sent to grace the victors' feast ;—  
But Thomas had a nimble foot,  
As ever stepp'd in shoe or boot ;  
Desiring too, to live and balk  
The scalping-knife and tomahawk,  
While through the forest he was led,  
Escap'd their hands, and homeward fled ;  
And leaping like a flying deer,  
Outrun the foe, and thus got clear ;  
And when he reach'd old Reading town,  
Hatless and coatless, tir'd and worn,  
His friends laugh'd out to see the plight,  
In which he'd 'scap'd the Indian fight ;  
But Tom assures them, though they titter,  
"To run for life 's no laughing matter."

Tom's younger brother, Sam, by name,  
Enjoy'd the high and glorious fame,  
His blood for liberty to spill  
At that great battle, *Bunker Hill* ;  
Of wounds he there receiv'd, he died,  
His country's honor and her pride.

Another of old Nich'las' race  
Was once illustr'ous in the place ;  
He liv'd where Cutler's buildings are,  
His name was General Brown, Esquire ; †

\* This Thomas Brown, who was born in 1738, was the son of Jeremiah, who was the son of Samuel, who was the son of Nicholas, who was the son of Cornelius, who was the son of Nicholas, the first settler.

† See Appendix, letter G.

And, in our old colonial war,  
He shone a bright and martial star ;  
He fought the foe at Saratog',  
Crown Point, and at Ticonderog'.

At my old map again a seeker,  
I find the house of Thomas Parker ;  
He liv'd where Obed Symonds dwells,  
Was Deacon too, the record tells.

Another view the map doth turn up,  
And shows the house of Isaac Burnap ;  
'T was situated close by where  
Now live John Brown and Jeremiah.

And to the north, on Saugus river,  
Where Mister Newcomb's now the liver,  
I find the ancient Sawing Mill,  
First built and work'd by one John Poole ;  
And where soon after one for corn  
Was plac'd, that now it seems is gone ;  
This Mister Poole first own'd the land  
Where Deacon Wakefield's buildings stand ;  
His son, whose name was Jonathan,  
Was second Captain, Selectman.

And last, not *least*, I found the site,  
By our old fathers consecrate ;  
And where that humble temple stood,  
By them first dedicate to God ;  
'T was built upon the Common lands,  
Near where the Wiley Hotel stands,  
In which were certain seats and aisles,  
Forbid to women, boys, and girls ;  
Where, if a dog dar'd venture in,  
Was tax'd a sixpence for the sin ;  
And then the Sexton, with a switch,  
Drove him, loud-yelping, from the church ;  
Where Henry Green, their earliest Pastor,  
First preach'd the truths of Christ, his Master ;  
Where Parson Haugh, and learned Brock,  
Succeeded in the heavenly work.

But I'm detaining you too long  
 With such *old* subjects of my song ;  
 To *later* years, I'll hasten on,  
 For fear you 'll think I'd best postpone  
 The balance of my vers'fication  
 To next centennial celebration.

The magic scene, on which I'd gaz'd  
 With wonder, gratified and pleas'd,  
 Dissolv'd away — and in its place  
 Old Reading shone, with alter'd face ; —  
 Just fifty years had now pass'd o'er,  
 'T was sixteen hundred ninety-four.

And as with wonder I behold  
 Our Reading, half a cent'ry old,  
 The first great objects, that attract  
 My gaze, that mournful sighs exact,  
 Are sad mausoleums of the dead, —  
 Where death has made the pilgrims' bed ;  
 Where humble gravestones mark the place,  
 Of our old fathers' burying-place ;  
 And as I scann'd the graves around,  
 The solemn truth I quickly learn'd,  
 That out of all that hardy band,  
 Who first were settlers of the land,  
 But four remain'd : old Major Swayne,  
 Old mother Kendall, of the plain,  
 And Captain Brown, were living still,  
 And old John Damon, of the hill.  
 A town and school house now is found,  
 Within this ancient Burial Ground ;  
 A house, whose granite bases rest  
 Among the bones of pilgrims blest,  
 And children play without recoil,  
 Upon this old sepulchral soil.

Another object meets my view,  
 On this old picture, number *two* ;  
 The ancient church is taken down,  
 And in what's now a burial-ground,  
 Another temple rears its walls,  
 Where "Pierpont" gives the heavenly calls :

Where his successor Richard Brown,  
 The next old Pastor of the town,  
 And William Hobby,\* learn'd and good,  
 Within its sacred pulpit stood—  
 Hobby — whose son of promise fair,  
 Ere yet he'd fill'd his twentieth year,  
 A senior in old Harvard's walls,  
 By death is seiz'd and early falls ;  
 And on his gravestone, thus you 'll find  
 His fame engrav'd in classic line :  
 “ *Hic jacet filius Gulielmus,*  
*Reverendi, Domini Gulielmus,*  
*Et filius Luciae Hobbi,*  
*Nam maximus Collegii,*  
*Clarus alumnus Harvardini,*  
*Juvenis optima spei,*  
*Obiit in mense Marcii,*  
*Magnæ, deliciae omni,*  
*Anno mille septengenti,*  
*Atque sex et quinquaginta,*  
*Et ætate in viginti.*”

The windows small of this old house,  
 Were made, 't is said, of diamond glass,  
 Instead of pews, it had long seats,  
 Where men of age and large estates,  
 Possess'd the front and best locations,  
 While younger men in lower stations,  
 Sat next behind, with humble mien,  
 And then the women next were seen,  
 And rear of all, close by the doors,  
 The girls appear, as well as boys.

Close by the church, a school-house too,  
 With humble roof, comes to my view,  
 Wherein the children used to pore  
 The spelling-book and psalter o'er.

Over the map I spread my eye,  
 To see what changes I could spy—  
 New fields of cultivated land,  
 Where smiling crops abundant stand ;  
 New houses, scatter'd here and there,

\* See Appendix, letter G.

Where nought but forest was before ;  
Apples and pears, and other fruit,  
Where once the oak and pine had root ;  
New settlers too, of various name,  
Have made this settlement their home.

And down where Noah Smith, Esquire,  
Now builds his altar and his fire,  
And from his boundless storehouse quotes  
The entertaining anecdotes,  
“ The worthy Captain Herbert ” is,  
A man, who ’d sail’d o’er distant seas,  
Had “ brav’d the battle and the breeze,”  
Had sought this town to spend his days,  
Was chosen Clerk, as it appears,  
Of our old town for many years,  
And, as the records themselves tell,  
Possess’d great chirographic skill.

New buildings now begin to show,  
Along the road, through old “ North Row ; ”  
A family of Pratts is found  
Where now the Wakefields own the ground ;  
One Isaac Southwick owns the place,  
Where now reside the Symonds race ;  
Eatons and Emersons are spread,  
From place to place along the road,  
And Batchelders upon the soil,  
Where still their children’s children toil.  
And passing on beyond the river,  
Where Indians wild, with bow and quiver,  
Where savage beasts, with hideous sound,  
Rove fearless through the forest round,  
A few brave spirits now appear,  
In spite of perils, settling here.

And near the spot, where now you see  
One Jacob Gowing’s family,  
One Flint, whose christian name was George,  
First rais’d that building, strong and large,  
In which the early settlers flock’d,  
When they by Indians were attack’d,  
And which, for many years, was known,  
As the old “ fort ” and “ Garrison.”

Eben and Daniel, George's sons,  
Were warriors, as tradition runs,  
Enlisted in their country's cause,  
And perish'd in the Indian wars.  
And in those times of fierce alarms,  
The women us'd to carry arms ;  
And once, 't is said, old settler Flint,  
To church, with wife and children went,  
And left two daughters, brave and fair,  
To guard the house and take the care ;  
And as these girls, with courage true,  
Their trusty pistols charg'd anew,  
One, pointing to the other's head,  
Remark'd in careless, sportive mood :  
Now Sis, were you an Indian foe,  
How I would let this pistol go !  
No sooner said — than, loud and quick,  
The ball whizz'd deep in sister's neck ;  
And though this charge no deathwound gave,  
The *slug* she carried to her grave.

This race of Flints, in our old town,  
Have added much to her renown ;—  
Colonels and squires and politicians,  
Men, great and learn'd in the professions,  
Historians and poets too,  
Whose names are known the country through  
And now to-day the laurels grace  
Another of this favor'd race,  
Another stone from th' same old quarry,  
Which has, through all our ancient story,  
Built up so high our township's glory ;  
Another chip of th' same old block,  
A smooth, high-polish'd, sculptur'd rock,  
Comes up a lofty place to claim,  
Within the temple fair of fame,  
Ascends and takes the highest niche,  
Among the diamonds bright and rich,  
And like the *Flint* stone, sparkles thence,  
The flash of wit and eloquence.

A little west of Flint's old place,  
A branch of th' old Eaton race,  
And scatter'd here and there I found

The Uptons, Parkers, Taylors, round,  
And other names, to speak of now,  
The time of course will not allow.

Passing from hence, our steps we 'll bend  
To what of old was call'd " Woodend,"  
And some of those we 'll try to quote,  
Who, at this stage, were men of note.

And first, I find upon the land,  
Where Dana Parker's buildings stand,  
The homestead of the Boutwell race,  
A staunch old fam'ly of the place.

And 'gainst the Common, the west side,  
The Parker family reside,  
An honor'd race, from which arose  
The noblest names our record shows.

And on the spot, where now I see  
One Em'ry Bancroft's family,  
Old Henry Merrow and his race  
Long had their home and dwelling-place.

And farther west, upon the lands,  
Where now Squire Prescott's mansion stands,  
Another of that Eaton race,—  
Who seem to be in ev'ry mess,—  
One Joshua Eaton own'd the place ;  
He was old Jonas Eaton's son,  
Whom we have seen in the old town,  
Went delegate to General Court,  
Was otherwise a man of note ;  
He had a grandson, Joshua,  
Who went to fight the enemy,  
And lost his life in Gates's line,  
At the surrender of Burgoyne.

Still farther west, I find the ground,  
Where Deacon Thomas Bancroft\* own'd ;  
Illustrious men of this old name

\* See Appendix, letters G and O.

Throng ev'ry page of Reading's fame,  
I'll name but one — enough to glory in,  
"Esquire George Bancroft, the Historian."

And near at hand there come to view  
The Westons' place and Temples' too.

But I must let this picture be,  
And hasten on to number *three*.  
The priestess turn'd the canvas o'er,—  
'T was sev'nteen hundred forty-four.

But I'll not stop to *specify*  
The objects here that meet the eye,  
But simply state, in gen'ral phrase,  
How fifty years have chang'd the place.  
The fathers, where are they? they're gone,  
Their children's children have come on;  
Houses improv'd in form and size,  
New cultur'd lands before me rise.  
The little scatter'd company  
Are now a thousand, happy, free;—  
Old Parson Hobby, at the South,  
With wig august, walks stately forth,  
With buckles bright of monstrous size,  
Upon his shoes and at his knees;  
With solemn gait, his desk ascends,  
The gospel call of love extends.  
And at the North, the portals fair  
Of a new temple now appear,  
Where Daniel Putnam, their first priest,  
Spreads out therein the gospel feast.

The priestess chang'd the scene once more,  
'T was sev'nteen hundred ninety-four;  
Bright shines our Reading, at this stage,  
Although thrice fifty years of age.

Columbia's eagle, strong and fair,  
Sails proudly on, midway the air,  
Majestic emblem to the free,  
That o'er the land there's liberty;  
On ev'ry hill top, ev'ry plain,

The pole of liberty is seen,  
 And from its gilded summit wave  
 The starry banners of the brave ;  
 A race of patriots now appear,  
 The victor's laurell'd wreaths that wear,  
 Who, when oppression's thunder roll'd  
 Its war-cloud o'er this western world,  
 And when their country's voice was heard,  
 Calling her sons to seize the sword :  
 " *Strike*, till the last arm'd foe expires,  
*Strike*, for your altars and your fires,  
*Strike*, for the green graves of your sires,  
 God, and your native land,"  
 Rush'd fearless at this battle cry,  
 To meet the foemen that were nigh,  
 Resolv'd to conquer them or die,  
 Amid their country's band ;  
 " They fought, like brave men, long and well,"  
 Thousands of foes before them fell ;  
 They conquer'd, and their country 's free,  
 Hurra ! for them and liberty !

Among those great illustrious names,  
 Whose valor thus our homage claims,—  
 Heroes, who rais'd their country's name  
 Above all Greek or Roman fame,—  
 The Reading men distinguish'd stand,  
 A brave, unconquerable band ;  
 A host, whose numbers, in amount,  
 Exceed what now I 've time to count ;  
 These men had now return'd to plough  
 The land they 'd rescued from the foe ;  
 They 'd come triumphant from the war,  
 The sons of liberty and law,  
 To walk as freemen on the soil,  
 Enrich'd by blood, secur'd by toil ;  
 To nourish the *fair Olive* there,  
 And mingle with the *fairer fair*,  
 With mothers and with sisters too,  
 Who 'd help'd with pray'rs the foe subdue  
 A remnant of these braves still live,  
 Our gratitude and love t' receive :  
 There 's Sweetser, John, and old Cornelius  
 Who dar'd to tyrants act rebellious ;

There 's Joseph Hopkins, of Bare Hill,  
 And Ol'ver Walton, living still ;  
 That vet'ran "*Shoe Jour.*," of "Ell Pond,"  
 Old William Emerson, lives on ;  
 David and William Parker too  
 Are yet among these precious few ;  
 Old Daniel Damon lingers here ;  
 And Wakefield, 'squire, brings up the rear.\*  
 Of all that brave and hardy band,  
 That Reading sent to guard the land,  
 That number'd scores, and *fifties* even,†  
 They 're all, we trust, gone home to heaven,  
 Save *nine* alone, whose ark of life  
 Still floats amid the tempests' strife.  
 Long may these vet'rancs live, to see  
 Their country happy, prosp'rous, free ;  
 And when at last the time shall come,  
 That they must go to their long home,  
 In heaven's strength, may they then prove  
 Victorious o'er the monster's grave,  
 By angel bands escorted, rise  
 To meet their Captain in the skies,  
 And there sit down, the vict'ry won,  
 With all the saints — with Washington !

A new-built church now meets my eyes,  
 Whose top aspires to reach the skies,  
 Where Prentiss ‡ mild, with *kindly* word,  
*Entreats* his friends to love the Lord.

And at the *north*, old Parson Stone,§  
 In plain and *blunt*, but *honest* tone :  
 "This is the road, that God has given,  
 Walk ye therein, and go to Heaven."

And at the West, upon the lands,  
 Near where their present church now stands,  
 The *third* old Parish have uprear'd  
 Their earliest temple to the Lord ;  
 Where Haven preach'd, who was the first,  
 Who there discharg'd the *watchman's* trust ;  
 Where Parson Sanborn, his successor,

\*Since writing the above, the author has learned that Samuel Damon, formerly of Reading, and now living in Lancaster, was a soldier in the Revolution.

† See Appendix, letter B.

‡ See Appendix, letter G.

§ See Appendix, letter K.

Rouses the sinner and professor,  
 And by his heav'nly eloquence  
 Calls forth the tears of penitence;—  
 This venerable priest and sage,  
 The pastor of a former age,  
 Still lives! O, may new days be given,  
*Late* may our friend return to Heaven!—

But leaving this *old* map and view,  
 Let's now take up what's *fresh* and *new*;  
 Pass all these types and shadows o'er,  
*'T* is *eighteen hundred forty-four*;  
 And we are met to celebrate  
 Our fathers' home, our own dear seat.  
 Then let us hail with joy the land,  
 Where we, its favor'd children, stand;  
 "Trace ev'ry spot we love so well,"  
 In this fair city where we dwell;  
 Shout in the breezes from its hills,  
 And join the music of its rills;  
 Inhale the fragrance from its fields,  
 And taste the fruit its garden yields;  
 Unfurl our canvas on its lakelets,  
 And stroll its meads, along its streamlets;  
 Count up the num'rous muses' seats,  
 Where science holds her lov'd retreats;  
 Go worship where those shrines appear,  
 That number now some half a score,  
 Whose beauteous portals, op'ning wide,  
 Are now beheld on ev'ry side;  
 Count o'er the handsome cottages,  
 Tell all the shining palaces,  
 Enumerate the happy throng,  
 To whom these dwellings fair belong;  
 And then rejoice, that we command  
 The fairest village of the land.  
 Now let us pray, that while old *Time*  
 Rolls on the ages, yet to come,  
 And while our town, with *rail-road* motion,  
 Improves its wealth and population,  
 Let us entreat our fathers' God,  
 Who long has blest this fair abode,  
 To scatter light and truth abroad;  
 That future generations here

Shall so increase, from year to year,  
In those rich treasures, stor'd in Heaven,  
To wisdom, knowledge, virtue given,  
That when the sun's revolving way  
Shall light our next centennial day,  
Spectators may with joy behold  
Those treasures grown an *hundred fold*!

PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS, &c.



# PROCEEDINGS, &c.

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IN the first part of the month of December, 1843, the primary step, toward celebrating the anniversary of the incorporation of Old Reading, was taken, by issuing the following call for a public meeting:

## “CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.”

The citizens of Reading are requested to meet at the hotel of Thomas Richardson, in Reading, on the 14th inst., at half-past 6 o'clock, p. m., to take into consideration the expediency of celebrating the Two Hundredth Year since the Incorporation of the town of Reading, which was on the 29th day of May, 1644.

*Reading, December 1, 1843.*

John Weston,  
Joshua Prescott,  
Thomas Hartshorn,  
John Nichols,  
Loea Parker,  
Thomas Sweetser,  
Warren Perkins,  
W. R. Perkins,  
Thomas Pratt,  
Sylvester Harndin,  
Daniel Pratt, jr.,  
Calvin Temple,  
J. B. Leathe,  
Ephraim Weston,  
Luther Weston,  
Aaron Weston,  
Abraham Temple,  
William Bickford,  
Thomas H. Sweetser,  
Joseph W. Beers,  
John Adden, jr.,  
Samuel Nichols,  
H. G. Richardson,  
Abiel Holden,  
Ambrose Kingman,

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James Davis,  
Jonathan Baldwin,  
Joseph B. Wilcox,  
J. H. Gleason,  
John Batchelder, jr.,  
George Flint,  
Samuel Flint,  
Charles Kidder,  
Peter S. Flint,  
Charles P. Howard,  
Edwin Foster,  
Caleb Wakefield,  
Thomas Richardson,  
Darius Pratt,  
Timothy Wakefield, jr.,  
Henry Kingman,  
Oliver Peabody,  
George Batchelder,  
Ebenezer Abbott,  
Sumner S. Abbott,  
Aaron T. Hewes,  
Daniel Flint,  
Eliab Parker, jr.,  
Benjamin Holt, jr.,  
Henry Putnam.

Agreeably to the above call, the citizens of Reading convened at T. Richardson's Hotel, in Reading, on the evening of December 14, 1843.

The meeting was called to order by Ephraim Weston.

Deacon Addison Flint was chosen Chairman, and Oliver Peabody, Secretary.

*Voted*, To celebrate the twenty-ninth day of May next, by having a Historical Oration, &c.

*Voted*, To choose a committee of three to confer with the citizens of South Reading upon the subject of their co-operating with this town in the celebration.

Chose Daniel Pratt, jr., Esq., Deacon Caleb Wakefield, Deacon Addison Flint, for said committee.

*Voted*, That this committee be instructed, after conferring with the citizens of South Reading, to devise such measures as they may think proper, and recommend them for the consideration of a future meeting.

Adjourned without day.

OLIVER PEABODY, *Secretary*.

The result of the conference with the citizens of South Reading was, the appointment of a Joint Committee of the towns of Reading and South Reading, for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for the proposed celebration. This committee issued the following

#### WARRANT.

To Daniel Pratt, jr., Esq., Secretary of a Joint Committee of the towns of Reading and South Reading, chosen for the purpose of making preliminary arrangements for celebrating, by a Public Festival, the coming bi-centennial anniversary of the incorporation of the ancient town of Reading, — Greeting: You are hereby required in the name of said committee to notify and warn the Freeholders, and all other inhabitants of the said towns of Reading and South Reading, to meet at Union Hall, in the South Parish of said Reading, on Monday, the eighth day of January next, at one o'clock, p. m., to act on the following articles, viz:

1st. To choose a Moderator and Clerk.

2d. To see if the inhabitants of said towns will vote to celebrate said anniversary.

3d. To see if the meeting will choose a committee of twenty-one persons, to be chosen from the different sections of said towns, as a Committee of Arrangements, to transact all such business in relation to said celebration as may be assigned them, or what they will do in relation thereto.

4th. To see what measures the meeting will adopt to raise money to defray the expenses of said celebration.

5th. To see what instructions the meeting will give to the Committee of Arrangements.

6th. To transact any other business in relation to the said celebration, that the meeting shall judge expedient.

Hereof fail not; and make return of this Warrant, with your doings thereon, to the subscribers, at the time appointed for said meeting.

Given under our hands at Reading, this thirtieth day of December, A. D., 1843.

Caleb Wakefield,  
Thaddeus Spaulding,  
Daniel Pratt, jr.,  
Samuel Gardner, jr.,  
Lilley Eaton,  
Addison Flint, } Committee.

Middlesex, ss. Reading, January 8, 1844. I have served the within Warrant, by posting up attested copies thereof on the different meeting-houses, and one other place of public worship in the towns of Reading and South Reading, also at forty other public places in said towns.

DANIEL PRATT, JR., *Secretary for said Committee.*

READING, January 8, 1844.

In accordance with the foregoing Warrant, the citizens of Reading and South Reading met at Union Hall, in the South Parish of said Reading, and acted on said Warrant, as follows:

Article 1. Chose Caleb Wakefield, Esq., Moderator, and Lilley Eaton, Esq., Clerk.

Art. 2. On motion of Franklin Poole, of South Reading,

*Voted*, That the towns of Reading and South Reading unite in celebrating said anniversary, in or near the village of the South Parish, in Reading, on Wednesday the twenty-ninth day of May, A. D., 1844.

Art. 3. On motion of Daniel Pratt, jr., Esq., of Reading, South Parish,

*Voted*, That a committee of three be nominated from the Chair, for the purpose of nominating twenty-one persons from the different sections of the towns, as candidates for the Committee of Arrangements.

The Chair nominated for said committee of three, Messrs. Daniel Pratt, jr., Samuel Gardner, jr., and Daniel Flint, who reported the following list, to which the meeting added the committee, who called this meeting, so that the following persons constitute the

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Capt. Ebenezer D. Batchelder,	Doct. Solon O. Richardson,
Thaddeus B. Pratt, Esq.,	Benj. B. Wiley, Esq.,
Thomas Pratt,	Capt. Aaron Foster,
Dea. Eben Eaton,	James Eustis,
George Flint, Esq.,	James Emerson,
Dea. Eliab Parker, jr.,	John White,
Thomas Sweetser,	Franklin Poole,
John Adden, jr.,	together with
Charles Newman,	Dea. Caleb Wakefield,
Col. Jacob S. Rayner,	Doct. Thaddeus Spaulding,
Charles F. Flint,	Daniel Pratt, jr., Esq.,
Amos Batchelder,	Samuel Gardner, jr.,
J. B. Leathe,	Lilley Eaton, Esq.,
Maj. Oliver Swain,	Dea. Addison Flint.

Capt. Thomas Emerson was afterward elected a member of the committee, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the decease of Dr. T. Spaulding, who died while preparations for the Festival were in progress.

On motion of L. Eaton, of South Reading,

*Voted*, That the Committee of Arrangements be instructed to make application to the towns of Reading and South Reading, at their next annual meeting for an appropriation of such sum as said Committee shall judge expedient; two thirds of said sum to be asked of the town of Reading, and the other third of the town of South Reading; to be placed in the hands of said Committee, to defray the expenses of the celebration.

On motion of Maj. Suel Winn,

*Voted*, That it be left to the Committee of Arrangements to adopt all such measures as they shall judge expedient to carry out the objects of the celebration.

On motion of Stephen Foster, Esq.,

*Voted*, That the Committee of Arrangements be directed to publish a

programme of the celebration in the newspapers, with an invitation to all ex-citizens, natives, and the descendants of natives, not now residing here, to return on the day of the Festival, and participate in its festivities.

*Voted*, To dissolve the meeting.

LILLEY EATON, *Clerk.*

In carrying out the objects proposed in the above-described meeting, the Committee of Arrangements held numerous meetings at Richardson's Hotel in the South Parish, in Reading. Of the proceedings of those meetings, the following is an abstract.

January 15, 1844.

Met at Richardson's Hotel, and were called to order by Daniel Pratt, jr., Esq. Dea. Caleb Wakefield was chosen Chairman; F. Poole, Secretary, and Thomas Pratt, Treasurer.

*Voted*, That Capt. Ebenezer D. Batchelder, Samuel Gardner, jr., and Daniel Pratt, jr., Esq., constitute a Financial Committee.

*Voted*, That the Chair nominate a committee to consist of two from each section of Old Reading, to procure an Orator, and to collect and furnish facts for his use. The Chairman nominated Lilley Eaton, Esq., George Flint, Esq., Daniel Pratt, jr., Esq., Dr. Thaddeus Spaulding, Dea. Eliab Parker, jr., and Thomas Sweetser.

*Voted*, That a Poem be delivered after the Oration, on the day of the Festival, and to refer the business of obtaining a Poet to the same committee who were appointed to procure an Orator.

*Voted*, That Rev. Reuben Emerson, of South Reading, Rev. Aaron Pickett, of Reading, and Rev. E. W. Allen, of North Reading, be Chaplains for the Festival.

*Voted*, That the Chair nominate a Committee on Music, to consist of three — James Eustis, Charles Newman, and Charles F. Flint, were nominated.

*Voted*, That Capt. Aaron Foster, Dea. Eliab Parker, jr., Charles Newman, Lilley Eaton, Esq., Dea. Addison Flint, and Daniel Pratt, jr., Esq., constitute a Committee on Sentiments.

*Voted*, To choose a committee of six, on the subject of the Tent and Dinner, with instructions to make investigations and report at an adjournment of this meeting. Dr. Solon O. Richardson, Capt. Ebenezer D. Batchelder, J. B. Leathe, Charles F. Flint, Thomas Sweetser, and James Eustis, were chosen.

In answer to an inquiry from this committee, — it being thought that on such an occasion the *spirits* of the people would be sufficiently *high* without artificial raising, —

*Voted*, That at the coming Festival no liquor stronger than *good cold water* be used.

Adjourned two weeks.

MONDAY, January 29, 1844.

The committee met agreeably to adjournment, Dea. Caleb Wakefield in the Chair. The Clerk not being present, Mr. J. B. Leathe chosen Secretary for the time.

*Voted*, That Dea. Caleb Wakefield and F. Poole be added to the committee appointed to collect facts for the use of the Orator.

The committee appointed to obtain an Orator, reported that they had engaged Rev. James Flint, D. D., of Salem.

*Voted*, To have appropriate singing for the occasion, and to refer the whole subject to the Committee on Music.

*Voted*, That the price of tickets be fifty cents each, and that the Treasurer be instructed to procure and dispose of the tickets.

*Voted*, To adjourn for four weeks.

J. B. LEATHE, *Secretary pro tem.*

MONDAY, February 26, 1844.

The committee convened according to adjournment, Dea. C. Wakefield in the Chair.

*Voted.*, That the Chairman and Secretary be a Committee to publish a Programme of the Celebration, &c. in the newspapers.

The Treasurer reported that he had procured tickets, and asked for instructions regarding their disposal.

*Voted.*, That a central place of deposit for tickets be established in Reading, in North Reading, and South Reading, and that a committee consisting of one from each School District be appointed to sell tickets.

*Voted.*, That the following persons were chosen to constitute this committee, viz: Thomas Sweetser, John Adden, jr., Charles Newman, J. B. Leathe, Thaddeus B. Pratt, Amos Batchelder, Jacob S. Rayner, Addison Flint, Charles F. Flint, Aaron Foster, John White, James Emerson, William Brown, and Joseph Eaton, jr.

*Voted.*, That the Committee on Finance be instructed to ask of the town of Reading an appropriation for the Festival, not exceeding two hundred dollars, and of South Reading, not exceeding one hundred. [This money was appropriated by the respective towns, agreeably to the request of the committee.]

*Voted.*, That the members of the Committee of Arrangements residing in the South Parish of Reading, constitute a committee to select a site for the Tent, and a suitable place for delivery of the Oration, with instructions to erect the platform for the Orator, and seats for the audience.

Messrs. Charles F. Flint and Oliver Swain were added to the committee on collection of facts.

Adjourned four weeks.

March 25, 1844.

The committee met as usual, Dea. C. Wakefield in the Chair.

The committee on location of Tent, &c., reported that the most suitable place for the Oration is on land of Rev. Peter Sanborn, who offers the gratuitous use of it for purposes of the committee, provided they will, when they have done with it, *put up the bars*.

The Committee on Music reported the engagement of the Malden Band, in number, seventeen.

Adjourned for three weeks.

April 15, 1844.

Convened as usual, Dea. C. Wakefield in the Chair.

*Voted.*, That all the revolutionary soldiers belonging to Old Reading, who may be able to attend the Celebration, be presented with tickets of admission to the dinner, and that the Secretary be instructed to communicate this vote to the surviving soldiers of the Revolution, and invite their attendance on the day of the Festival.

*Voted.*, That the officers of the day be a President, two Vice Presidents, a Chief Marshal, twelve Assistant Marshals, and a Toast Master.

*Voted.*, That Messrs. James Emerson, Samuel Gardner, jr., Oliver Swain, Charles F. Flint, Dea. Eben Eaton, and Daniel Pratt, jr., constitute a committee to nominate the Marshals, four from each territorial parish, and report at the next meeting.

*Voted.*, That the bells in the different parishes be rung for one half hour, commencing at sunrise, on the day of the Festival.

Adjourned two weeks.

April 29, 1844.

The committee met as usual. Proceeded to elect the officers of the day, when the following gentlemen were unanimously chosen.

*President.*—Dea. Caleb Wakefield.

*Vice Presidents.*—James Eustis, Dea. Eliab Parker, jr.

*Chief Marshal.*—Daniel Pratt, jr., Esq.

*Assistant Marshals.*—Capt. Eliab Parker, jr., Maj. Daniel Flint, Col. J. S. Rayner, and Maj. Oliver Swain, of Reading, North Parish; Joseph W. Atwell, John H. Stone, Abraham Emerson, and John F. Harts-horn, of South Reading; Samuel W. Carter, Thomas Pratt, Capt. Samuel T. Ruggles, and Capt. George Batchelder, of Reading, South Parish.

*Toast Master.*—Lilley Eaton, Esq.

*Voted,* That the Presidents of the Day be instructed to invite such persons of talent from the vicinity, as they may think proper, to be present and make remarks on the day of the Festival.

Adjourned.

May 22, 1844.

The committee convened at the usual place, Dea. Caleb Wakefield in the Chair.

The subject of the dinner being under consideration, the Bill of Fare, reported by the Committee on Tent and Dinner, was adopted without alteration, and the final arrangement regarding the matter was made with John Wright, Esq., of Boston, who was present. The Treasurer having reported one thousand tickets sold, Mr. Wright announced his intention to furnish the tables for sixteen hundred persons.

*Voted,* That Benjamin B. Wiley, J. S. Rayner, and John Adden, jr., be a committee to invite the "Washington Rifle Greens," of South Reading, the "Brooks Phalanx" of Medford, and the "Mechanic Phalanx" of Woburn, to perform escort duty on the day of the celebration.

*Voted,* To include in the invitation to revolutionary soldiers, the wives of those now living, and the widows of those deceased, and that Messrs. John White, Dea. Addison Flint, and J. B. Leathe, be a committee to carry into effect this vote.

Adjourned for two weeks.

June 5, 1844.

The committee met agreeably to adjournment, and were called to order by the Chairman for the last time.

The Committee on Finance reported, that the expenses of the Festival (above the money received for tickets) had been ascertained to be \$322,62, and that there remained over the \$300, appropriated by the towns, \$22,62 to be paid by the Committee of Arrangements, equivalent to an average of 87½ cents each.

*Voted,* To pay \$2 each, the balance, after paying the above arrearages, to be presented to Hon. Lilley Eaton, in token of the gratification afforded by the Poem delivered by him on the Festival day.

Mr. E., besides having been a diligent and efficient laborer upon sub-committees, delivered the Poem gratuitously.

*Voted,* That F. Poole be a committee to procure the publication of the Oration and Poem, and that Messrs. Charles Newman, Dea. Addison Flint, and Samuel Gardner, jr., be a committee to obtain subscriptions for the Oration and Poem.

*Voted.* That the unanimous thanks of the Committee of Arrangements be presented to Rev. James Flint, D. D., for his eloquent Address, and to Hon. Lilley Eaton, for the interesting Poem delivered by him, and that copies of each be requested for the press.

The unanimous thanks of the committee were also voted,—To the several military companies composing the escort, for their gentlemanly and soldierlike deportment; to the chorister and choir, for their excellent musical performances; and to the Chairman, for the urbane and impartial manner in which he had presided over the deliberations of the committee.

*Voted,* To dissolve the meeting.

Though the weather was on some of the evenings of meeting extremely cold, and on others the roads excessively muddy, and though some gentlemen on the committee were advanced in years, and resided at a distance of several miles from the place of meeting, they were promptly on the spot, and gave efficient aid in the deliberations of the committee.

The meetings, from first to last, were fully attended, and all the proceedings characterized by great unanimity and earnestness, and the final separation was with mutual expressions of good will, and a feeling that the occasion which had brought together the scattered members of our ancient family, had not been to them an unprofitable one.

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## THE CELEBRATION.

THE morning of the 29th of May, 1844, was beautifully clear, and the day proved to be one of the finest which could have been chosen for such an occasion. The rising sun was greeted by a joyous peal from the bells in the several parishes in Old Reading, the whole place was soon alive with excitement and expectation—flags were displayed from the various flag-staffs, and the roads leading to the place of celebration were thronged with people wending their way, joyously, to join the great gathering at Union Hall.

At 10 o'clock, the procession was formed at Union Hall, in the South Parish, in Reading, under the direction of DANIEL PRATT, JR., Esq., Chief Marshal.

First came the escort, composed of three handsomely uniformed volunteer companies, the "South Reading Rifle Greens," commanded by Captain Wiley, the "Brooks Phalanx," of Medford, commanded by Captain Blanchard, and the "Woburn Mechanic Phalanx," commanded by Captain Winn. The martial bearing of these several companies did credit to their discipline. They marched to the music of the "Malden Band," and the "Marion Band," of Woburn, whose performances sustained their reputation as excellent musicians.

Then came the Orator and Poet of the day, the President and first Vice President, followed by the second Vice President and the Chaplains. Immediately succeeding these came the Committee of Arrangements with their families, four deep. Then came the coach with the soldiers of the Revolution, and just after it two gentlemen and four ladies, clad in the garb of the olden time. These "last of the cocked hats," who, while the soldiers of the Revolution seemed young again, appeared to have grown as suddenly old, attracted much attention. After the "old folks" came the Choir, then the Invited Guests, with their ladies; these were followed by the Clergymen, Physicians, and Lawyers, resident and non-resident, with their ladies, and the procession closed with the citizens and strangers generally, with their families.

The procession passed through the main street of the village, thence up the common between the elms, from which was suspended the

inscription, decked with evergreens, "1844—BI-CENTENNIAL." At the entrance to the field selected for the exercises of the day, an arch was erected, bearing the motto, executed in old style, "MDCXLIV incorporated." A platform for the officers of the day, speakers, invited guests, &c., was raised, and seats for the audience erected on rising ground in the form of an amphitheatre, where about four thousand persons listened to the exercises with great interest.

The services on the field commenced with music from the Malden Brass Band, which, with the "Marion Band," discoursed sweet music in the field, on the march, and at the pavilion. An appropriate prayer was then offered by Rev. Aaron Pickett, of Reading, South Parish, and passages of Scripture, selected from the Psalms, and adapted to the occasion, were read in a distinct, forcible, and devout manner, by the Rev. E. W. Allen, of Reading, North Parish, the chaplains of the day. The choir then sung, to the tune of St. Martins, the following selected hymn, with fine effect :

"LET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God performed of old ;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,—  
His works of power and grace ;  
And we 'll convey his wonders down,  
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs,  
That generations yet unborn,  
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone,  
Their hope securely stands ;  
That they may ne'er forget His works,  
But practise his commands."

The Rev. Dr. FLINT, a native of Reading, then delivered an Address which enchain'd the audience for two hours. He gave a minute history of the place, from its settlement to the present time, so far as the time would permit. The address was followed by a Poem, which occupied one hour in the delivery, by Hon. Lilley Eaton, of South Reading. He retained the attention and sustained the interest of the audience to its close. Of these productions, it is not necessary to say more here, as the reader has opportunity to judge for himself of their quality.

The following stanzas, selected from an Ode, written by Rev. Dr. Flint, for a celebration at Plymouth, were then sung by the choir in excellent style.

"COME, listen to my story,  
Though often told before,  
Of men who passed to glory,  
Through toil and travail sore ;  
Of men, who did, for conscience' sake,  
Their native land forego,  
And sought a home and freedom here,  
Two hundred years ago.

Dark was the scene, and dreary,  
 When here they sat them down —  
 Of storms and billows weary,  
 And chilled with winter's frown.  
 Deep moaned the forest to the wind,  
 And howled the savage foe,  
 While here their evening prayer arose,  
 Two hundred years ago.

Of fair New England's glory,  
 They laid the corner stone ; —  
 This deed, in deathless story,  
 Their grateful sons shall own.  
 Prophetic, they foresaw, in time,  
 A mighty state should grow  
 From them, a few faint pilgrims here,  
 Two hundred years ago.

From seeds they sowed, with weeping,  
 Our richest harvests rise ;  
 We still the fruits are reaping,  
 Of pilgrim enterprise.  
 Then, grateful, we to them will pay  
 The debt of fame we owe,  
 Who planted, here, the tree of life,  
 Two hundred years ago.

As comes this period, yearly,  
 Around our cheerful fires,  
 We 'll think, and tell, how dearly  
 Our comforts cost our sires.  
 For them, we 'll wake the festive song,  
 And bid the canvas glow,  
 Who fixed the home of freedom here,  
 Two hundred years ago."

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Peter Sanborn, of Reading. The procession then proceeded to a spacious pavilion, erected near the meeting-house, where sixteen hundred persons, "men, women, and children," were seated, and, after the invocation of the blessing of God, by Rev. Micah Stone, of Brookfield, a native of Reading, refreshed themselves with the good things provided for the occasion by John Wright, Esq. of Boston, one of the best caterers for such festivals. When ample justice had been done to the viands, the President of the day, Caleb Wakefield, Esq., in a few remarks, bade all a hearty welcome to this fraternal meeting, and concluded with the following sentiment :

*The day we celebrate.* Sacred to the memory of our fathers — while we call to mind their trials and virtues, let us not forget their good example.

The "regular" and other sentiments, which follow, were interspersed with music from the bands, some excellent glees, by the "Crotton Glee Club" from Boston, and a song in fine style by Mr. Reed, the leader of the choir, in the chorus to which the multitude joined.

#### REGULAR TOASTS.

1. *The day we celebrate.* An unfrequent visitant — may its centennial return, till time's remotest century, mark, among our population, an increase of knowledge, morality, and virtue, of, at least, an hundred per centum.

2. *The Old Men and Women, present on this occasion.* "The glory of children are their fathers" and mothers—and now, that they are *old* and *gray-headed*, let us pray that "God will never forsake them."

3. *The "May Flower," that arrived at Plymouth in 1620.* Its *petalous leaves* shed a *fragrance* all over the land, *richer* than the *gales* of *Arabia*; its *seeds, sown in the soil*, produced the *glorious tree* of *civil and religious liberty*, and the *more glorious fruits* of *wisdom and virtue*. *Reading* planted in *May*, was a *May flower*, of the same old *stock*; its *blossoms* are *fair* and its *fruits* *rich*—it *has proved centennial*, may it *likewise prove perennial*.

4. *The Farmers of Reading in the days of the Revolution.* They were *great* in the *pasture*, but *greater* in the *field*—and when they put their *hands* to the *plough*, whether *agricultural* or *military*, they turned the *sward* *handsomely*, and never looked back, but "put her straight through."

5. *Old election day.* What glorious, happy times we used to have on this old, joyous anniversary! And, although our rulers have buried this old State *holiday* beneath the *snows* of *January*, yet, as it is our own *municipal* anniversary, we *will still* celebrate it *once* a century, hit or miss.

6. *Our Shoemakers, male and female.* May the *men* be of *prime stuff* and *bottom*—of *first-rate souls*—of *good understanding*—may the *rubbers* of *life* make them *pliable, strong, and water proof*. May the *ladies* not be *too high* in the *instep*, but may they always be *trimmed* with the *ornaments* of *modesty, quietness, and meekness*, which in *Heaven's market* are all of *great price*, and *surmounted* always with *handsome beaux*; and may both *male* and *female* be *cemented* together with the *wax* of *lasting friendship*—well *bound* by the *golden cords* of *love*, and *ties* together by the *silver clasps* of *wedlock*—never *giving* or *receiving kicks*, but always *abounding* in a *plenty of kacks*.

7. *Old Methuselah.* When this old antediluvian had lived nine hundred years, and found some thirty generations of his posterity still living around him, what a glorious centennial celebration he might have got up.

8. *Our Cabinet Makers.* May the *tablets* of their *hearts* be *inlaid* and *veneered* with *virtue, humility, and wisdom*—their *tongues* always *speak* the *unvarnished tale* of *truth*—their *reputation* be *unstained*—may they be firmly united by the *glue* of *friendship*—recline upon the *sofa* of *competence*—sleep upon the *couch* of *contentment* and *happiness*;—and whether they shall *sit* in the great *chair* of *state*, or be engaged in *making* and *rocking* the *cradles* of *innocence*, may every *thing* be done like *clock work*.

9. *The town of Reading.* Instead of again dividing her *territory* into two *districts*, she has decided that, for awhile longer, *Wood End* must endeavor to "make both ends meet."

10. *Our Farmers.* May they see a luxuriant *crop* of *Olive plants* springing up in their own *good soil*—may these *plants* be well *cultivated*—always *enriched* with *education*, *watered* by the *dews* of *temperance*, *warmed* and *enlightened* by the *sun* of *science*; and *preserved*, by the *pure moral atmosphere* which their *parents* and *friends* shall *exhale* around them, from the *worm* of the *still*, from the *slug* of *indolence*, from *millers*, and all other *noxious insects*; and, in due

time, may these *plants* be interchangeably *ingrafted*, and then may they "bud and blossom like the *rose*, and bring forth *fruit* even to old age."

11. *Old Bachelors.* They are like some of the old apple and pear trees, planted by our ancestors, some of which are still standing among us, all covered with moss and thorns, whose fruit, if they bear any, is scattered, sour, and worthless; and, just like these same old crab-trees, *they* ought to be grafted with scions of the *lady apple*, the *belle flower*, the *sweeting*, the *catherine*, the *Julienne*, &c., or, if they refuse to submit to this, they should be forthwith transplanted into the deserts of Africa.

12. *Time.* Swifter than a steam locomotive—swifter even than the passing of the lightning's flash, it flies along its track to eternity—may all of us obtain seats in that train, that runs up the shining way—whose conductor is God, whose depot is Heaven.

13. *The Ladies of Reading*, from its earliest settlement to the present time. We have heard that some of our earliest settlers were accused of witchcraft; whether *they* were guilty or not, we know not; but one thing we do know, viz., that, in these modern times, conclusive evidence has been given by many a *Swain* and *Batchelder*, by some *Parsons* and many other *Persons* in town, that in *melting Harts of Flint and Stone*, the ladies of the present day have a most *Wiley* and bewitching power.

The following were among the volunteer sentiments offered on the occasion :

*The oldest Minister of this town.* As was the outward man in 1790, so is the inward man in 1844, active and vigorous. "The fathers, where are they?" Oh! gone. "The prophets, do they live forever?" Why, how changed!

The Rev. Peter Sanborn, who was settled in Reading in 1790, and who is now nearly fourscore years old, in responding to this sentiment, drew an interesting contrast between the town as he first knew it, and its present condition, and closed with the following:

*Our Children and their Descendants.* May they shun all the vices, and cherish all the virtues, of their fathers.

By the Orator of the day. *The fairer and better half of the towns of Reading and South Reading.* The worthy daughters of worthy mothers—may they be the mothers of daughters as worthy.

By Rev. Micah Stone. *Dear Old Reading.* Although long absent, I love thee still, my *native place*.

"*There is Bunker Hill, and there it will remain forever.*" The fire of patriotism lighted in 1775 does not cease to burn in the bosoms of her sons at this day.

This called up Richard Frothingham, Jr., Esq., of Charlestown, who responded in an interesting historical speech, and offered the following:

*New England Towns.* Nurseries of public spirit and political independence—their records contain full details of the art as practised by conscience-governed and liberty-loving men, of making a small people a great nation.

*Hon. Daniel P. King*, our Representative in Congress—ever watchful of the interests of his constituents.

A letter from Mr. King was read, concluding with —

*The Descendants of the Worthies of Reading.* May it ever be remembered by them, that an honorable ancestry is best commemorated, and most honored, by the patriotism and virtues of their posterity.

*Salem, the oldest town of Massachusetts Colony.* Her sons inherit the energy of their sires.

A letter was here read from Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, of Salem, whose mother was a native of Reading, and daughter of the Rev. Richard Brown, the fifth minister of the first church in Reading — concluding with the following sentiment :

*Our Ancestors*, — “who left their pleasant homes in England,” and came to “this outside of the world” for “freedom to worship God.” The *sequel has shown*, that *Johnson*, in his “Wonder-working Providence,” spoke in the spirit of prophecy, when he said, “Time shall discover the wisdom with which they were endued; and the sequel shall show, that their policy overtopped all human policy of this world.”

*The Clergy.* Trusty sentinels, now on our spiritual walls — “Watchmen, what of the night?”

To this sentiment, the Rev. Aaron Pickett, of Reading, responded in a short but eloquent speech.

By Capt. A. Foster, of South Reading. *The surviving Soldiers of the American Revolution.* Though not members of any *Peace Society*, yet they were strong advocates of pacific principles; and as they were in olden time, so they are now, still determined to maintain peace under all circumstances and at all hazards, even though they should *shoulder their guns and fight for it*.

*The Physicians of Old Reading*, — at the head of whom stood His Excellency John Brooks, and the Hon. John Hart — may their prescriptions prove as efficacious as that of the doctors of the Revolution, when, after a consultation, they told John Bull, “that a limb must be amputated.”

Dr. Horace P. Wakefield, recently of Oakham, and a native of Reading, responded to this sentiment, and offered the following:

*The sovereign remedy of Uncle Sam for John Bull* — Lead pills, followed with sulphur and nitre — if found to operate well, double the dose.

*School Masters.* In olden time, we used to hire our teachers from Cambridge, Boston, Charlestown, and other large towns, and pay them ninepence a day, and some of them were *dear* at that; — at the present time, we send out to these old seats of learning, teachers of our own raising, who command their *thousand* a year, and are *cheap* at that.

Paul H. Sweetser, Esq., a teacher of a public school in Charlestown, and a native of Reading, was called up by this sentiment, and made an animated speech, closing with,

*The old town of Reading.* For two centuries her course has been onward and upward — may her motto ever be *excelsior*.

*The Boston and Maine Rail Road Extension Company.* May their success be equal to their enterprise. “Look out for the engine while the bell rings.”

*The late Members of the Executive Council*, Hon. Edmund Parker and Hon. Thaddeus Spaulding. Their memories are engraven on the hearts of their fellow-citizens.

By Rev. William Wakefield, Jr., of Reading. *The third Centennial Celebration, May 29th, 1944.* May those who shall, one hundred years hence, gather around our wasting dust, have cause to remember us with such affection as we bear to our good old fathers; and bless God, that they were descended from men who were not degenerate, who lived for their children and their children's children.

Francis A. Fabens, Esq., of Salem, formerly of Reading, transmitted the following sentiment :

*The town of Reading.* May we so administer the inheritance, which our fathers have left us, that our children, on some future occasion, may take as much pride in recalling the events of our local history, as we to-day are able to do.

By Rev. Reuben Emerson, of South Reading. *The risen and rising generations.* May they imbibe the principles, and adopt the practices, of their venerable fathers and mothers; which, under God, have raised us up to what we are; with full assurance, that the causes, which, in their unrestrained operation, have given us the elevation we glory in, can only perpetuate, by their continued operation, the inestimable privileges, civil, social, literary, moral, and religious, the inestimable bequest of their fathers.

By James Eustis, 1st Vice President of the day. *The Press.* May its mighty power ever be used in the dissemination of truth.

John Prentiss, Esq., Editor of the Keene, N. H. Sentinel, a native of Reading, and only surviving son of the late Rev. Caleb Prentiss, of Reading, rose, and after some remarks offered the following :

*Old Massachusetts, and her glorious institutions.*

This called forth a letter from His Excellency Governor Briggs, and the following sentiment :

*The ancient town of Reading.* After two hundred years of progress in the cause of education and of civil and religious freedom, the sentinel from her watch-tower proclaims "All's well"; may the same cheerful cry be heard on the morning of her third centennial birthday.

By the Poet of the day. *The Readings*—

South, and West, and North—  
Three sisters, born at the same birth—  
Have met to-day, mid joy and cheer,  
To celebrate their natal year;  
And tho' their age is now ten score,  
They're fairer now than e'er before;  
And tho' they ne'er had spouse or brother,  
Yet thousands joy to call them mother;  
Long may these sisters fair, survive,  
Together live and love and thrive,  
Rear up the children for all uses,  
To make the bureaux and the shoes'es.

*The escort of the day.* Like the volunteers of this town, under the command of Governor, then Captain, Brooks—ever ready at a minute's warning. With such soldiers for her defence, our country fears no enemy.

Captain S. Blanchard, of the "Brooks Phalanx" of Medford, gave, in reply :

*The Minute Men.* The first to peril their lives for their country's safety, the last to prove recreant to her glory.

The following letter, with the sentiments, was received from Rev. James N. Sykes, formerly of Reading:

BRISTOL, R. I., May 24, 1844.

CALEB WAKEFIELD, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—Accept my thanks for the invitation presented me by your Committee, to unite with you in your celebration. To be absent, is a sacrifice which a stern necessity imposes on me. A compliance with the invitation would be every way grateful to my feelings. Such a service is honorable. It is filial to observe it. It is wise to note those days on the dial-plate of time which have been peculiarly set apart by the Providence of God. Our republican simplicity has prevented such from becoming too numerous; and, while other countries have devoted each day in the year to some pious saint or impious hero, until for want of room they have given one to All Saints, ours has been peculiarly sparing of such favors. This is not for lack of stirring incident or noble names. We are rather parsimonious of our honors, and I therefore rejoice in each attempt to rescue us from a dishonorable exception. There is something amiable in such a gathering. It is a pilgrimage to the tombs of our sires; which the voice of nature so loudly inculcates, that she compels the half-civilized Chinese annually to present his offerings on the grave of his fathers. Our industry may apologize for a more rigid economy of time than he employs, but it cannot let us do less than *once in a century* to fulfil the office. It is well that we remember the past. In reality, it draws for a moment aside the curtain that hangs before the future. From the deep recesses of the past there comes up a voice solemnly reminding us, that "that which hath been, is that which shall be;" that our swift career is towards the grave, whither our fathers have gone; it tells "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

I have walked among the graves on your green hills; have paused to spell out the names of your honored dead; and, in the solitude of the city of the dead, have contemplated the history of those who *were* actors on the stage before us. On such an occasion as this, their memories must come up fresh in the mind, as when one stands by the gray and time-worn monument. Let us not turn away until we have learned some useful lesson.

I had almost forgotten that I was writing to an individual, and have unconsciously fallen almost into a speech, when you asked only for a sentiment. I hasten to make amends by offering one.

*To the Dead of Reading.* Their memory is their most enduring monument—their deeds their noblest epitaph.

I can hardly consent to leave the living so cavalierly. Presuming not less on the richness of what your orator shall give you in his oration, than relying on the memory of one of her most distinguished writers and sons, Rev. Timothy Flint, I venture the following:

*Old Reading.* She has more than renewed the prodigy of the wonder-working rod. This drew only *water* from the rock—she, *honey* from the Flint.

Very respectfully, yours,

JAMES N. SYKES.

By Joshua Prescott, Esq. Two hundred years ago this day the town of Reading was incorporated, being settled by the descendants of Puritans, whose love of liberty, pure patriotism, and equal rights, has been handed down and maintained from generation to generation, to the present time ; and when the genius of liberty shall be forced to take her flight (which, we pray God may never happen) from these United States, may she love to linger in this town, being cherished and loved so long as there shall remain a single inhabitant in it.

By John Weston, Esq. *The Pilgrims, our ancestors.* May we imitate their virtues and shun their vices.

By Hubbard Emerson, Esq., of Lynnfield. *The Genealogical Tree of the Ancestors of Reading.* May it continue to bud and blossom ; and the fruit thereof never fall until it is ripe for the harvest.

*The Memory of Col. Daniel Flint, a revolutionary Soldier.* One whose numerous virtues, as a Christian and Peace-maker, are still held in estimation by all who knew him. May the earth rest lightly on his ashes.

By Dr. Joseph Poland. *Our Social, Civil, and Religious Institutions.* They cost great efforts, great suffering — much treasure, much blood ; but not one half what they are worth.

George Bancroft, the accomplished historian of the United States. Although sprung from us, he belongs to the nation.

William F. Harnden, the originator of the Express system. Would we acquire the distinction of our former townsman, let us emulate his energy and enterprize.

By Calvin Temple. *The Inhabitants of old Reading.* One hundred years hence, when our posterity shall celebrate the third centennial anniversary of the incorporation of this town, may we, "by faith and patience," have obtained seats in that pavilion of God "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"A little before the sun had hid his face beyond the western hills, this happy company, having enjoyed one of the most pleasant meetings that has ever fallen to their lot ; with no accident to mar their enjoyment, and naught to cast a gloom, save the thought, that before another anniversary of a similar character shall dawn on the mother, all her children, that have participated in the joyous scenes of this, shall be sleeping beneath the clods of the valley — *adjourned for one hundred years !*"

Much aid, in compiling the foregoing account of the Festival at Reading, has been received from an account of the celebration, prepared for the Lowell Journal by Dr. Horace P. Wakefield, of Reading. If any person shall think the proceedings of the Committee of Arrangements, and the account of the Celebration, detailed with unnecessary minuteness, he is reminded, that it has been written for the eyes of a future generation, rather than our own ; with the consciousness that our remote history is interesting nearly in proportion to its minuteness of detail ; and that an account similar to the foregoing, dated a century into the past, would have been an interesting document to the people of Reading on the 29th of May, 1844.

F. POOLE,  
*Secretary of Committee of Arrangements.*



# A P P E N D I X .



## APPENDIX.

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### NOTE A.

A LIST of most of the early settlers of Reading and South Reading, from 1640 to 1680:

Dea.	William Arnold, Nicholas Brown, John Brown, Esq., Isaac Burnap, Robert Burnap, John Batchelder, Thomas Bancroft, Henry Bellflower, John Buttery, Boniface Burton, James Boutwell, Abraham Bryant, John Brock, Thomas Chandler, Thomas Clark, Adam Colson, William Cowdrey, Nathaniel Cowdrey, Thomas Cutler, John Damon, George Davis, Robert Dunton, Samuel Dunton, Josiah Dustin, Thomas Dutton, Ralph Dix, Jonas Eaton, William Eaton, John Eaton, Matthew Edwards, Francis Everett, Walter Fairfield,	Dea. Zackariah Fitch, Dea. Benjamin Fitch, Henry Felch, George Flint, Major Green, Rev. Henry Green, John Gould, Nathaniel Goodwin, Richard Harnden, Isaac Hart, Thomas Hartshorn, Rev. Samuel Haugh, Capt. John Herbert, William Hooper, William Haley, Dea. Thomas Kendall, Samuel Lamson, William Lankin, George Lilley, Thomas Marshall, Henry Merrow, Humphrey Miller, William Marlin, Philip McIntier, Richard Nichols, John Poole, Capt. Jonathan Poole, Dea. Thomas Parker, Hannanah Parker, Peter Palfrey, John Person, James Pike,
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William Rogers,	Thomas Taylor,
Nicholas Rice,	George Thompson,
Francis Smith,	Thomas Tower,
Benjamin Smith,	John Upton,
John Smith,	Capt. Richard Walker,
Doct. James Stimson,	Samuel Walker,
Jeremiah Swayne,	Shubael Walker,
Maj. Jeremiah Swayne, jr.,	John Wiley.
Seabred Taylor,	

## NOTE B.

List of most of those, from the town of Reading, who served in the army, during the war of the Revolution.

Joseph Bancroft,	Daniel Damon, still living.
Caleb Bancroft,	Joseph Damon,
Jas. Bancroft, Captain, Squire,	William Deadman,
&c. — See his Epitaph, in	John Dix,
Note G.	James Emerson,
Capt. John Batchelder,	Peter Emerson,
John Batchelder, jr.,	William Emerson, still living.
William Beers,	Thomas Emerson, afterwards
Sampson Blackman, colored.	Captain.
Primus Blackman, colored.	Elias Emerson,
Amos Boardman, afterwards a	John Emerson,
Colonel in the Militia.	Joshua Eaton,
Elias Boardman,	Reuben Eaton,
Benjamin Boardman,	Abraham Eaton,
Joseph Boutwell,	Timothy Eaton,
Doct. John Brooks, a Colonel in the	Charles Eaton,
army, afterwards a General	Samuel Eaton,
in the Militia, and Governor	Nathaniel Eaton,
of the Commonwealth.	Thomas Eaton,
Col. Benjamin Brown, General in	William Eaton,
the Militia, Justice of Peace,	Samuel Evans,
Deacon, &c.	Daniel Evans,
William Brown,	— Farley,
Amos Bryant,	John Farmer,
Timothy Bryant, jr.,	Benjamin Flint,
— Butters,	Daniel Flint, afterwards Col-
John Buxton,	onel, Justice of the Peace,
John Buxton, jr.,	&c.
Ebenezer Buxton,	William Flint,
Jeduthan Buxton,	John Flint,
Stephen Buxton,	Levi Flint,
Ephraim Carter,	Edmund Flint,
Benjamin Carter,	Jonathan Flint,
Jabez Carter,	Abraham Foster,
Enoch Carter,	William Foster,
Robert Converse,	Doss Freeman, colored.
Sergt. Nathaniel Cowdrey,	Sharper Freeman, colored.
Nathaniel Cowdrey, jr., after-	Peter Freeman, colored.
wards Captain.	Daniel Gould,
David Damon,	Daniel Graves,
Benjamin Damon,	William Green,
Ezra Damon,	Thomas Green,
Samuel Damon, still living.	Jeremiah Green,

Doct.	Jonas Green, John Hart, Surgeon in the Doct. army, afterwards Justice, Senator, &c.	Ebenezer Smith, William Stimpson, William Stimpson, 2d, Ebenezer Stimpson, Enoch Stocker, Cornelius Sweetser, still living.
	Jeremiah Hartshorn, John Hartshorn, Thomas Hay, Joseph Hill, James Hill, John Hill, Asa Hill, Samuel Hitchings, Joseph Holden, Joel Holden, Joseph Holt, Joseph Hopkins, still living. John Lambert, Benjamin Mackentier, Daniel Mackentier, Nathan Mason, — Nick, Ebenezer Nichols, Jesse Nichols, Jonathan Nichols, Benjamin Nichols, Jeremiah Nichols, Jonathan Nutting, colored. Aaron Nurse, Amos Pearson,	John Sweetser, still living. Thomas Symonds, James Symonds, Elisha Tottingham, Elisha Tottingham, jr., Nathaniel Upton, Amos Upton, Ebenezer Upton, Isaac Upton, Timothy Vinton, jr., Oliver Walton, still living. Benjamin Walton, Jacob Walton, Timothy Wakefield, Justice, &c., still living.
Lieut.	David Parker, still living. William Parker. still living. Joseph Parker, Daniel Parker, jr., Jonas Parker, Aaron Parker, Ebenezer Parker, Nathan Parker, afterwards Colonel, &c. Edmund Parker, Benjamin Parker, John Pratt, Ephraim Pratt, Daniel Pratt, Benjamin Pratt, Thomas Sawyer,	Ebenezer Wakefield, Jonathan Weston, afterwards Captain. Nathaniel Weston, James Weston, William Wilson, Asa Williams, William Wiley, Ebenezer Wiley, James Wiley, John Wiley, Timothy Wiley, Phineas Wiley, Nathaniel Wiley, jr., Benjamin Wiley, Ebenezer Walton, Josiah Walton, was wounded at Bunker Hill battle. James Walton, died at Rains- ford Island. Nathan Walton. Benjamin Young.

## NOTE C.

The town of Reading, July 11, 1774, voted the following: " Resolved, that the situation of things between Great Britain and the Colonies hath been, for some years, very unhappy; the Parliament, on the one hand, hath been taxing the Colonies, and they, on the other hand, have been petitioning and remonstrating against it; apprehending that they have constitutionally an executive right to tax themselves, without which, our condition would be but little better than slaves. Possessed of these sentiments, every new measure of Parliament, tending to establish and continue a tax, renews and increases

our distress, which sentiments cannot be given up by us, without degrading ourselves.

"This town have already, at this meeting, voted to maintain their charter, rights, and privileges, in every constitutional way, which sentiments we trust will be perpetual; and though there are many ways, means, and things, proposed by one and another, that have hopeful appearances, and yet all attended with uncertainty, and as we have understood a Congress of Commissioners of all the Colonies is proposed, that so we may have, as near as possible, the wisdom of the whole collected, in consulting and determining the most likely way and means for our deliverance from our present perplexity and distressed state, which Congress, it is expected, will meet by the first of September next, we therefore judge it is not expedient for this town to adopt any particular measures, for their future conduct, till we hear what measures shall be adopted by them, lest we should counteract the measures, they may fix upon, as most probable for our deliverance, and to extricate us from our present distress.

"We also think it the duty of every one to refrain from the luxuries and superfluities of life, and to the utmost of our power to encourage our own manufactures, humbling ourselves before Almighty God, and earnestly supplicating him for deliverance; for, how much soever we may judge these things *unrighteous*, as coming from *men*, we must all allow they are *just*, as sent from *God*."

#### NOTE D.

The Indian attack referred to, in the Address of Dr. Flint, was made upon the house and family of John Harnden; his house was situated in what was then the northwest part of Reading, but at the incorporation of the town of Wilmington in 1730, this place was included within the said town of Wilmington. The old cellar and well, it is said, may still be seen, some sixty rods southerly of the house now occupied by Jonathan Harnden, and near a large rock, called the "Indian Rock."

#### NOTE E.

##### SELECTMEN OF READING AND SOUTH READING.

Robert Dunton, 1647—1649.	John Batchelder, 1651, '54, '58, '61, '64.
Francis Smith, 1647—'49.	Peter Palfrey, 1652, '53, '57.
William Cowdrey, 1647—'50, inclusive, except 1661—'64.	John Person, 1652.
Thomas Marshall, 1647—'52, '54.	Robert Burnap, 1654—'56, '58—'60, '62—'69.
Henry Felch, 1647, '48, '51.	Nicholas Brown, 1655, '56, '61.
William Marlin, 1647, '48, 51.	George Davis, 1655, '56, '58—'60.
Richard Walker, 1647—'50, '53.	William Laukin, 1655, '56.
Zackariah Fitch, 1649, '51, '61.	Thomas Clark, 1659.
Thomas Kendall, 1649, '55—'57, '59, '60, '62—'66, '68—'72, '74, '75, '77, '78.	Thomas Parker, 1661, '65—'67, '69. Thomas Hartshorn, 1661, '67.
Jonas Eaton, 1650, '62, '70, '73.	Jonathan Poole, 1662—'64, '68—'74, '76, '77.
John Smith, 1650—'52, '54—'56, '58—'60, '64.	Nathaniel Cowdrey, 1663, '65, '66, '71, '73, '82, '85.

Shubael Walker, 1667, '68.  
 Robert Burnap, jr., 1670—'72, '74, '75, '77, '78, '81, '93.  
 John Damon, 1672, '75, '81, '86.  
 Jeremiah Swayne, 1673, '77—'80, '83, '84, '97, 1701.  
 John Brown, jr., 1674—'76, '80, '84—'87, '90—'93, '95, '96, '98, '99, 1700, '02—'06.  
 John Batchelder, 1676, '78, '81—'83, '85—'87, '90, '92—'96, '98, 1700, '02.  
 Matthew Edwards, 1676, '79.  
 Hannaniah Parker, 1679, '80, '84, '88, '89, '97.  
 Nathaniel Goodwin, 1679, '81—'84, '86—'92.  
 Benjamin Fitch, 1680, '82, '84, '87—'91, '94, '95, '99, 1701.  
 Sergeant Felch, 1681.  
 John Parker, 1682, '90.  
 William Haley, 1683, '86, '87.  
 John Herbert, 1683, '98, '99, 1700, '01, '02, '04—'12.  
 William Hooper, 1685.  
 Thomas Bancroft, 1685, '88, '89, '91, '92, '94, '97, 1700, '04, '06, '08, '16, '19, '21, '23, '29.  
 Jonathan Batchelder, 1689.  
 Thomas Nichols, 1691, '92, '96—'99, 1700, '02, '05—'07, '09—'12, '17, '20, '22.  
 Timothy Wiley, 1693, '96, '98, 1702, '05, '07.  
 John Dunton, 1693.  
 Joseph Brown, 1694, 1703.  
 Joshua Eaton, 1694, 1708.  
 John Nichols, 1695, 1703.  
 Nathaniel Parker, 1695, '97, 1705, '14, '27.  
 Abraham Bryant, 1696, 1701.  
 Joseph Burnap, 1699, 1707, '09—'12, '15, '20, '25.  
 Jonathan Poole, 1701, '08, '14, '15.  
 Benjamin Swain, 1704, '12, '15, '16, '18.  
 Thomas Boutwell, 1704, '13.  
 George Flint, 1703, '08, '28, '33, '43, '44.  
 John Weston, 1707, '09—'11.  
 John Harnden, 1709, '10.  
 Thomas Taylor, 1711.  
 Nathaniel Cutler, 1712.  
 Francis Smith, 1713—'20, '22.  
 John Goodwin, 1713, '14, '16, '19, '21—'24, '26, '33, '40.  
 John Brown, 1713, '17, '18.  
 Benjamin Harnden, 1713, '19.  
 Thomas Burnap, 1714.

John Pratt, 1715.  
 Peter Emerson, 1716, '24—'45.  
 Thomas Poole, 1717, '20, '22, '24.  
 Kendall Parker, 1717, '20, '23, '31, '37, '42, '45.  
 Ebenezer Parker, 1718, '24, '25, '32.  
 Samuel Brown, 1718.  
 William Bryant, 1719, '21—'23, '37.  
 Ezekiel Upton, 1720, '30.  
 Joseph Upton, 1721.  
 Thomas Bryant, 1722.  
 John Eaton, 1723.  
 Stephen Weston, 1724, '27, '36.  
 Thomas Eaton, 1725, '32, '41, '44.  
 Ebenezer Flint, 1725.  
 Raham Bancroft, 1726, '33, '43, '49.  
 Jonathan Parker, 1726, '36.  
 Benjamin Poole, 1727, '28.  
 William Flint, 1727, '52.  
 Nathaniel Parker, jr., 1728.  
 Thomas Nichols, 2d, 1728, '31, '38, '43.  
 John Batchelder, 1729, '30, '49.  
 Joseph Eaton, 1729.  
 Francis Nurse, 1729.  
 Samuel Bancroft, 1730, '38, '40, '47, '53.  
 Timothy Goodwin, 1730, '32, '36.  
 Samuel Lamson, 1731.  
 Ebenezer Damon, 1731.  
 Thomas Hutchinson, 1732.  
 James Nichols, jr., 1733.  
 Richard Temple, 1734, '35.  
 David Green, 1734.  
 Nathaniel Batchelder, 1734.  
 Ebenezer Walcott, 1734.  
 Isaac Smith, 1735.  
 Ebenezer Emerson, 1735.  
 Ebenezer Flint, 1735, '38, '42.  
 John Swain, 1736, '43, '51, '54.  
 Samuel Foster, 1737.  
 Jonathan Flint, 1737.  
 Joseph Damon, 1738, '48.  
 Samuel Poole, 1740.  
 Edward Horkam, 1740, '42, '59, '63.  
 Benjamin Brown, 1741, '44, '46.  
 James Nichols, 1741.  
 Samuel Eves, 1741.  
 Edward Bancroft, 1742.  
 Ebenezer Nichols, 1742, '46, '61, '62, '64, '66.  
 William Hay, 1744.  
 Thomas Hartshorn, 1745.  
 John Parker, 1745.  
 Brown Emerson, 1746—'65, '68 '69.  
 Edward Pratt, 1746.  
 Thomas Flint, 1746, '54.  
 Benjamin Smith, 1747.  
 Jonathan Nichols, 1747.

William Sawyer, 1747, '55, '56, '61, Timothy Russell, 1777.  
 '65, '69, '70, '78.  
 Thomas Lambert, 1748.  
 John Boutwell, 1748.  
 Samuel Hartshorn, 1748.  
 Benjamin Weston, 1749.  
 Ebenezer Upton, 1749, '72, '74.  
 Benjamin Swain, 1750.  
 Phineas Parker, 1750, '56.  
 Timothy Pratt, 1750.  
 Samuel Dix, 1750.  
 Jonathan Temple, 1751.  
 Daniel Nichols, 1751, '55, 57—'59.  
 David Damon, 1751, '61.  
 John Temple, 1752, '54, '65, '66, '68, '72, '78.  
 John Goodwin, jr., 1752, '55, '56, '59, '60, '62—'64.  
 John Goodwin, 3d, 1752.  
 Jonathan Eaton, 1753, '55, '56, '60, '62.  
 John Walton, 1753.  
 Jacob Sawyer, 1753, '66.  
 David Green, jr., 1754, '60, '65.  
 Samuel Bancroft, jr., 1757—'60, '62, '63, '66.  
 John Smith, 1757, '58.  
 Joseph Frye, 1757, '58.  
 Daniel Putnam, 1763, '68, '71.  
 Amos Upton, 1764, '66, '68.  
 enjamin Flint, 1764, '72, '76, '87, '88.  
 Nathan Parker, 1765, '66, '68—'70.  
 Amos Flint, 1765.  
 John Walton, jr., 1766.  
 Thomas Symonds, 1769, '75.  
 John Flint, 1769.  
 Thomas Flint, 1770.  
 George Flint, 1770.  
 Nathaniel Batchelder, 1770.  
 David Green, 1771.  
 William Green, 1771.  
 Samuel Herrick, 1771.  
 Jabez Damon, 1771, '75.  
 Benjamin Brown, 1772—'76, '78, '79, '81—'83, '88, '91, '92.  
 Thomas Damon, 1772.  
 Jonathan Poole, 1773.  
 Hezekiah Upton, 1773.  
 Jacob Townsend, 1773, '74.  
 Joseph Parker, 1773, '78.  
 Jonathan Flint, 1774, '85.  
 Jonas Parker, 1774, '76.  
 James Flint, 1775, '87.  
 Abraham Sheldon, 1775, '76.  
 James Bancroft, 1776, '88, '93, '94.  
 Ebenezer Hopkins, 1776.  
 Timothy Pratt, jr., 1776, '77.  
 Jacob Emerson, 1777.  
 John Dix, 1777, '79.

Benjamin Foster, 1777.  
 Benjamin Upton, 1778, '79, '81, '86, '90—'92.  
 John Emerson, 1779, '80, '86.  
 Peter Emerson, 1779, '80.  
 Isaac Upton, 1779.  
 Joseph Bancroft, 1779, '84, '85, '88, '92, '95.  
 Elijah Upton, 1780.  
 Samuel Pratt, 1780.  
 William Flint, 1780.  
 Abraham Foster, 1781—'83, '89—91.  
 Thomas Eaton, jr., 1782, '83, '89.  
 Nathaniel Wiley, 1784—'88.  
 John Weston, jr., 1784.  
 Paul Sweetser, 1784.  
 Henry Putnam, 1784, '85.  
 Nathan Parker, 1785, '87—'99, 1800—'03.  
 William Temple, 1786.  
 Ephraim Pratt, 1786.  
 Ebenezer Upton, 1787, '88.  
 Daniel Green, 1787.  
 John Hart, 1788.  
 David Smith, 1789, '90, '93—'96.  
 Daniel Flint, 1793—'95, 1805—'09, '12, '15—'18, '24.  
 George Flint, 1796.  
 Thomas Symonds, 1796.  
 James Gould, 1797—1804, '06—'10.  
 Daniel Graves, 1797—1803.  
 Edmund Damon, 1804, '10—'16.  
 John Weston, 1804—'08.  
 Hay Nichols, 1806.  
 Edmund Parker, 1809—'13, '16—'20.  
 Noah Smith, 1811.  
 Timothy Wakefield, 1813, '14.  
 Benjamin Pratt, 1814, '15.  
 Ebenezer Emerson, 1817, '19, '21, '23, '24.  
 Joshua Putnam, 1818—'20, '22, '23, '25, '29.  
 George Flint, 1820, '21, '26.  
 Timothy Wakefield, jr., 1821—'23, '34, '35.  
 Aaron Upton, 1822.  
 Thaddeus B. Pratt, 1824—'26, '30, '36, '38.  
 Addison Flint, 1825.  
 Daniel Pratt, 1826—'28.  
 Ebenezer D. Batchelder, 1827, '29, '30, '33, '35—'38, '41.  
 Eliab Parker, jr., 1827, '33, '34.  
 Asa G. Sheldon, 1828.  
 Charles Parker, 1828, '29.  
 Thomas Sweetser, 1830—'32.

John Batchelder, 3d, 1831, '32.  
 Amos Batchelder, 1831.  
 Jonas Parker, 1832, '33.  
 Aaron Parker, jr., 1834.  
 Daniel Flint, 1835, '41, '42.  
 Caleb Wakefield, 1836—'40.  
 David Upton, 1837.  
 Charles F. Flint, 1839, '40.

Benjamin Holt, jr., 1830.  
 Charles Newman, 1840.  
 John Batchelder, 1841—'43.  
 Joseph Pierce, 1842.  
 Samuel J. Batchelder, 1843.  
 John Nichols, 1843, '44.  
 Abraham Temple, 1844.  
 Ebenezer T. Abbott, 1844.

## SELECTMEN OF SOUTH READING.

James Gould, 1812.  
 Benjamin Badger, 1812—'14.  
 John Gould, 1812—'20.  
 Noah Smith, 1813, '35—'37.  
 David Smith, 1814—'18.  
 William Nichols, 1815—'19.  
 Benjamin Badger, jr., 1819.  
 Thomas Evans, 1820, '21.  
 Thomas Emerson, jr., 1820—'24.  
 Jacob Eaton, 1821—'24.  
 Thomas Swain, 1822—'29.  
 John Rayner, jr., 1825—'27.  
 James Walton, 1825, '26.  
 Liley Eaton, 1827—'44.

Joseph Atwell, 1828—'31.  
 Suel Winn, 1830, '31, '35.  
 William Gould, 1832.  
 John White, jr., 1832, '33, '43, '44.  
 Benjamin B. Wiley, 1833—'35.  
 John Abbott, 1834.  
 Benjamin Emerson, 1836—'38.  
 Aaron Foster, jr., 1839, '42.  
 James Eustis, 1839, '40.  
 James Hartshorn, 1840, '41.  
 James Emerson, 1841.  
 Abraham Emerson, 1842.  
 Joseph W. Atwell, 1843, '44.

## REPRESENTATIVES FROM READING AND SOUTH READING.

Richard Walker, 1650.  
 William Cowdrey, 1651, '53, '58, '61.  
 Jonathan Poole, 1677.  
 John Brown, 1679, '80, '82, '83, '93, '96,  
 1700, '01, '19, '20.  
 Hannanah Parker, 1683, '84, '95, '97  
 —'99, 1703.  
 Jeremiah Swain, 1686, '87, '94, 1702,  
 '04—'06.  
 Benjamin Fitch, 1687, '91—'93.  
 Nathaniel Goodwin, 1690, '92.  
 Timothy Wiley, 1707—'09, '12—'15,  
 '18.  
 Thomas Nichols, 1710, '11.  
 Joshua Eaton, 1716, '17.  
 William Bryant, 1721—'24.  
 Thomas Bancroft, 1725—'27, '30, 31.  
 Kendall Parker, 1728, '29, '32, '33, '37.  
 Ebenezer Parker, 1734—'36, '38, '39.  
 Samuel Bancroft, 1740—'44, '69, '74.  
 Thomas Eaton, 1745—'51.  
 Ebenezer Nichols, 1752—'54, '57, 58,  
 '62—'67.  
 John Temple, 1755, '56, '59—'61, '66,  
 '68, '75.\*  
 John Batchelder, 1776.

Joseph Parker, 1776.  
 Benjamin Flint, 1776, '77.  
 Benjamin Brown, 1778, '79.  
 James Bancroft, 1780—'85, '88, '93,  
 '94, '99, 1800—'03.  
 Benjamin Upton, 1786, '90—'92.  
 William Flint, 1787, '89.  
 Henry Putnam, 1795—'98.  
 Daniel Graves, 1804—'06.  
 Hay Nichols, 1805.  
 Timothy Wakefield, 1807—'15.  
 Daniel Flint, 1808—'19, '21.  
 Adam Hawkes, 1811.  
 Edmund Parker, 1816, '18—'20, '23,  
 '25, '28.  
 Timothy Wakefield, jr., 1822, '35.  
 George Flint, 1823, '39, '40.  
 Joshua Putnam, 1826, '27.  
 Joshua Prescott, 1826, '27.  
 Addison Flint, 1828, '44.  
 Eliab Parker, jr., 1829—'31, '34, '35.  
 Warren Perkins, 1829—'32, '38, '39.  
 John Batchelder, 3d, 1832, '33.  
 Caleb Wakefield, 1833—'36.  
 Daniel Flint, jr., 1836, '37.  
 Thomas Sweetser, 1836.

\* Benjamin Brown represented the town in the first Provincial Congress, and John Temple in all three Congresses.

John Weston, 1837.  
Ebenezer D. Batchelder, 1837.

Samuel W. Carter, 1840, '41.  
John Batchelder, 3d, 1842.

The First Parish of Reading was set off as a distinct town in 1812, by the name of "South Reading," and its Representatives have been as follows:

John Hart, 1812—'14, '20, '21, '23, '24.  
John Gould, 1816.  
Thomas Emerson, jr., 1825—'30, '38,  
'39, '41.  
Lilley Eaton, 1831—'35  
Lemuel Sweetser, 1832, '33.  
James Butler, 1835, '36.

Noah Smith, 1836, '37.  
Benjamin Emerson, 1837.  
Jonas Evans, 1839.  
Aaron Foster, jr., 1840.  
Joseph W. Vinton, 1840.  
Jacob Tufts, 1843.  
Jonas Cowdrey, 1844.

#### SENATORS.

John Hart, of South Reading, 1815—'19.  
Lilley Eaton, of South Reading, 1838, '39.  
Edmund Parker, of Reading, 1841.

#### COUNCILLORS.

Edmund Parker, of Reading, 1840.  
Thaddeus Spaulding, of South Reading, 1842, '44.

#### NOTE G.

#### INSCRIPTIONS FROM THE BURIAL-GROUND IN SOUTH READING.

"The Reverend Mr. Jonathan Pierpont, late Pastor of the Church of Christ in *Redding*, for the space of twenty years, Aged 44 years; who departed this life June 2, 1709.

"A fruitful Christian, and Pastor, who  
Did good to all, and lov'd all good to do;  
A tender Husband, and a Parent kind,  
A faithful friend, which who, O who, can find!  
A Preacher, that a bright example gave  
Of rules he preach'd, the souls of men to save;  
A Pierpont all of this, here leaves his dust,  
And waits the resurrection of the just."

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"Here lyes interr'd ye body of ye Rev. Richard Brown, Ordained Pastor of ye 1st Church in *Reding*, June 25, 1712. His character be-speaks him faithful in his preaching, impartial in his discipline, and exemplary in his conversation; a man greatly beloved in his life, and much lamented at his death, which was Oct. 20, 1732, Aged 57 years."

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"In this Sepulchre is reposed the mortal part of the Rev. Mr. Wm. Hobby, A. M.—late Pastor (the sixth in the order of succession) of the first Church in the town of Reading—learned, vigilant, and

faithful; he was a preacher of the word of God, deservedly commended for his pure evangelical doctrine, replenished with erudition and piety, together with solid judgment and eloquence; being at length worn out with studies and labors, and most acute pains of long continuance, calmly resigning to the will of his Almighty Father, and earnestly aspiring after the Heavenly Habitation and Rest, he breathed out his soul into the hands of his Saviour, June 18, Anno Christi, 1765,  $\text{\AA}$ Etat 58 years. He left, to profit his bereaved flock, a written monument of sage advice, in which, though dead, he speaks in solemn strains."

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"Sacred to the memory of Rev. Caleb Prentiss, late Pastor of the first Church in this town, who passed into the world of spirits, Feb. 7, 1803, in the 57th year of his age, and 34th of his ministry. Faith, piety, and benevolence, with a kindred assemblage of Christian graces and moral virtues, adorned his public and private character; endeared his memory to a bereaved family, a mourning flock, his brethren in office, and all acquainted with his merits.

"He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way;  
Though gone, he is not dead — no good man dies —  
But like the day-star only sets to rise."

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"Here lyes ye body of Major Jeremiah Sweyen, Esq., who departed this life Aug. 13, 1710, in ye 69 year of his age — 'The memory of the just is blessed.'"

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"Here lyes interred ye remains of Doct. Thomas Sweyn, who departed this life Apl 22, 1759, Aged 53 years. An useful, beloved Physician — an extensive blessing in life, and much lamented in death."\*

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"In memory of Doct. Thomas Swain, who departed this life, Oct. 26, 1780, Aged 30 years.

"Blessed with a penetrating genius, improved by application, he was a skilful and successful Physician, highly esteemed and beloved. Death, fearing the loss of his empire, over the children of men, pointed a fatal dart, cut down this rising Genius, secured his own dominions, and disappointed the hopes of many."†

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"In memory of Benjamin Brown, Esquire, who ended his useful and public life June 4, 1801, Aged 73 years.

"Justice and benevolence sat governing on his brow, while his gen-

\*Dr. Thomas, was the son of Benjamin, and the grandson of Maj. Jeremiah.

†Dr. Thomas, the 2d, (together with Doct. Oliver, who died in 1773, at the age of 33 years,) was the son of Dr. Thomas, the 1st.

erous soul was an alleviating source to the distressed. Judgment and information completed every sentence in his conversation, conjugal affection and parental care added a laurel to his magnanimity. To his patriotism as a Colonel in the army, and to his activity and ability as a General in the militia, the liberties and discipline of his country owe a tribute. And while sustaining the most important offices of town and church with fidelity, for his Christian excellence, was chosen Deacon of the Church, 20 years before his death. And in every station of life was a rich blessing to society, a friend to the community, a prudent and pious counsellor, and a humble member of that religion, which now completes his eternal peace.

“ Solemn thought! and must the good and wise,  
In this awful silence close their eyes!  
Yes: but to immortal glory go,  
Where endless blessings profusely flow.”

---

“ Sacred to the Memory of

<p>The Rev. John Mellen, A. M. He was born March 14, 1722, O. S. Graduated at Harvard College, A. D. 1741. Was for 34 years Pastor of the Church in Sterling, and 21 years of the Church in Hanover, and Died at Reading, July 4, 1807.</p>	<p>Mrs. Rebecca Mellen, wife of the Rev. John Mellen, and daughter of the late Rev. John Prentice, of Lancaster. She was born Sept. 22, 1727, O. S. and having lived almost 53 years with the husband of her youth, Died at Hanover, Jan'y 16, 1802.”</p>
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“ Sacred to the memory of Hon. John Hart, whose remains repose here. Dr. Hart was born in Ipswich, Mass., A. D., 1751; died April 27, 1836, Aged 85.

“ He served as Surgeon during the revolutionary war. He commenced a successful practice here, which he continued till late in life. He was a member and counsellor of the M. M. S.— Vice Pres. of the Cincinnati Society— Representative to General Court, 8 years— Senator, 5— Justice of the Peace and Quorum, and a Justice of the Court of Sessions. He was decided and unwavering in the great principles of the gospel called Orthodox, and a firm supporter of government, to the last. His spirit, it is confidently hoped, has gone to rest.

“ Here lies the relics of a form,  
That once could dare the sternest storm;  
Here lies the dwelling of a mind,  
That left few equal ones behind;

“ A father's heart, a patriot's breast,  
Beneath this stone, in peace shall rest,  
Till the loud trump shall rend the skies,  
And bid the veteran's dust arise.”

INSCRIPTIONS FROM THE BURIAL-GROUNDS IN NORTH  
READING.

"Here, lies buried the body of Rev. Daniel Putnam, who was Pastor of the second church in Reading, 39 years. He departed this life June 20, 1759, in his 63d year.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." \*

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The Family Tomb of Dea. Henry Putnam has on it the following inscriptions:

"Erected in 1795, in which are deposited the remains of Mrs. Hannah Putnam, wife of Dea. Daniel Putnam, who died May 11, 1761, Aged 38 years."

"Mr. Joshua Putnam, son of Dea. Daniel Putnam and Mrs. Hannah, died Oct. 25, 1773, Aged 23 years."

"Dr. Daniel Putnam, son of Dea. Daniel Putnam and Mrs. Hannah, died Nov. 3, 1773, Aged 26 years."

"Dea. Daniel Putnam, died Nov. 5, 1773, Aged 52 years. Daniel, son of Dea. Henry Putnam and Mary, died January 25, 1777, Aged 2 mo. Mary, wife of Dea. Henry Putnam, died January 21, 1795, Aged 38 years.

"To these, much lov'd in life, much mourn'd in death,  
The widow'd husband and the son bereft,  
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,  
That holds their ashes and expects his own."

"Dea. Henry Putnam died Nov. 27, 1806, Aged 52 years."

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"In memory of Amos Sawyer, A. M. elect Pastor of the first Church of Christ in Danvers, who departed this life, Sept. 21, 1769, in his 26th year.

"When *Clark* the great was call'd to the superior skies,  
To fill the gap, his flock on Sawyer set their eyes,  
In work divine his help they crave, his help was given,  
But God withheld the gift it took to Heaven."

INSCRIPTIONS FROM THE BURIAL-GROUND IN THE SOUTH  
PARISH, (WOODEND.)

"Sacred to the memory of Rev. Thomas Haven, the first Pastor of the 3d Church in Reading, who quitted this scene of mortality, May 7th, 1782, in the 39th year of his age, and 12th of his ministry. Script

\* Rev. Eliab Stone, the successor of Mr. Putnam, who died August 31, 1822, at the age of 85 years, was deposited in the tomb of Benjamin Upton, Esq.

of its earthly dress, a genius unfettered by bigotry, improved by study, sanctified by religion, ennobled by an evangelic temper, enlarged by the most diffusing benevolence, has taken its flight to its native country. Beloved and esteemed as a most worthy character, whose excellent and acquired abilities and eminent moral endowments afforded the most flattering hopes of great and growing usefulness, his exit at such an early period is sincerely lamented by all his acquaintance, and most especially a most sorrowful event to the people of his charge. According to *common* reckoning, by *days, months, and years*, his death was *premature*; but, computing human life by the *advances* made in *knowledge, wisdom, piety, and virtue*, he lived to a *good old age*."

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" This stone is erected in memory of Mrs. Anna Haven, the amiable consort of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Haven, who died June 10, 1776, in the 22d year of her age.

" No more shall I her friendly converse share,  
Nor hear the dictates of her pious care ;  
Yet though the bright example is remov'd,  
Be its idea still rever'd and lov'd ;  
To imitate her virtues may I try,  
And on the path she mark'd, still fix my eye."

---

" In affectionate remembrance of James Bancroft, Esq. Venerated and beloved while living, his memory is blessed. Guided by Christian principle, he was enabled, through a long and useful life, to perform its various duties with fidelity. A defender of his country in her struggle for independence, he was magnanimous and devoted in the discharge of numerous civil offices, disinterested and faithful; and a Deacon in the first church in the place, during forty-six years, distinguished by integrity, consistency, and independence. In private life he was endeared by mildness and benignity, and ever evinced obedience to the first command by observance of the second, 'like unto it.' He was gathered to his fathers, 'as a shock of corn in its season,' May 17, 1831, Aged 92 years."

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" Erected in Memory of Samuel Bancroft, Esquire, whose distinguished virtues recommended him to various offices in church and state, which he executed with fidelity and ability. He finished a painful life, November the 25th, 1782, in the 68th year of his age."

" As these shores lessen, so his joys arise,  
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies ;  
Now vast eternity fills all his sight,  
He floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,  
The seas forever calm, the skies forever bright."

---

" In Memory of the just made perfect; Here sleeps in Jesus, the friend of God and man—Daniel Chute, Esquire, distinguished for

sound judgment, great industry, energy of character, ardent piety, and unyielding integrity.

"Born at Byfield, Sept. 28, 1760; finished his course March 21st, 1843, in the 83d year of his age:

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of our Lord."

"This Stone is designed to perpetuate the Memory of Hon. Edmund Parker, a man distinguished for firmness of purpose and unbending integrity. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the confidence and esteem of his friends and fellow-citizens, having filled various offices of trust and honor, with dignity and ability. He departed this life June 22d, 1843, in the 64th year of his age."

#### NOTE H.

The following is extracted from a letter received from John Prentiss, Esq., of Keene, N. H., son of Rev. Caleb Prentiss, born in Reading, March 21, 1778, and who was present at the recent Centennial Celebration, and sent the letter, soon after his return. It contains many valuable and interesting reminiscences.

"It is *natural* and so *pardonable*, that I should first speak of my father, my beloved parent, who was for nearly thirty years the sole minister of the first Parish, (now South Reading,) the Rev. Caleb Prentiss, who died in February, 1803. To my fond recollection, but few have approached nearer to the perfect Christian. I need but look upon his portrait, (with that of my mother, the eldest daughter of Rev. John Mellen, of Lancaster, honored in her memory,) ever before me, in my sitting-room, to recall to mind his Christian and parental instruction, and to indorse in full the character given him by his ever devoted friend and senior, the Rev. Eliab Stone, in his funeral discourse: 'An Israelite indeed,'—'meek, modest, and unassuming in his temper.' 'He thought for himself, without implicitly adopting any man's creed; and what he believed from his heart, that he preached to others, and practised himself. His sermons were rational, evangelical, and practical. He addressed his Maker in prayer, with great reverence, solemnity, and devotion. On particular occasions, his thoughts and expressions were peculiarly appropriate and engaging.' 'To the close of life, no cloud intervened to darken the prospect before him. His faith remained firm, and his hope unabated.'

"From the date of his settlement, in 1669, he kept almost a daily memorandum of public events, as well as occurrences in his parish, and in his own family. I have most of these in my possession, in his family Almanac, for more than thirty years, the calendar pages being interleaved for the purpose. Some of the memoranda are serious reflections, as gratitude at the birth of a child, and many, like some of the records of the Old Testament, true to the letter, but not exactly conformable to the taste of the present day. His reflections at my own birth and baptism, on stumbling upon them many years after his death, made an impression on my own mind, which was never effaced; it proved, I verily believe, to be that 'word in season,' so often efficacious."

cious in leading the thoughts, too much engrossed by the world, to the 'one thing needful.'

" He was a revolutionary whig and patriot, as were most of the Clergy in that day. He showed his faith by his works. On the memorable 19th of April, 1775, the trainband of the first Parish were, by express, ordered to Lexington, and they departed very early. About 8, A. M., alarm guns were fired, and the 'alarm list' assembled. These my father accompanied to the scene of action with his musket, and proceeded until they met the enemy returning from Concord. Here he became the soldier, and, as opportunity offered, for many miles, assisted in harassing the retreating enemy. I find also the following memorandum, under date, Feb. 27, the same year :

" ' At about 3 o'clock in the morning an alarm was made, the drums beat to arms, the bell was rung, and alarm guns were fired in the Parish. The report was, that a regiment of the king's troops had landed at Marblehead and marched to Salem to take some cannon there, and that the people were defending the cannon, and wanted assistance. The people were mustered, and before daylight were upon the march towards Salem. Having marched about five miles, we were informed by the " Lynn End " company, who were returning, that the *Regulars* were retreated without the cannon, embarked, and set sail. Upon which we returned. On our return we met the West Parish Company and Stoneham Company ; all which, joining together, returned in order to this parish and went through the military exercise. The whole were more than two hundred.' I have a sermon preached on the occasion of several recruits being about to depart for the army, full of excellent advice and encouragement, and imbibing the most patriotic sentiments.

" ' 1775, March 22. The parish voted to sing Watts's Psalms and Hymns for the future.' I shall never forget, when a child, the solemn tone of the Rev. (then a Deacon of my father's church,) Jacob Emerson, with his large white wig, who read the hymn, line by line ; for although 'the Parish voted,' it would appear that the singers, with Mr. Brown, who officiated as Chorister some forty years, I believe, had no copies.

" ' 1775, August 13. I preached at home, and the Congregation voted to have the Scriptures read publicly for the future, on the Sabbath.' Aug. 20. ' Began to read the Scriptures in public.' About this period, Capt. Thomas Green (who was the only Miller in the parish, and where by law we were permitted to catch Alewives every other day,) was not so well satisfied as the parish generally with the *doctrines* preached, and objected to preaching from a *black pasteboard case* ; said a minister should preach from the *Bible* ; and he accordingly made a present of a handsome, 12mo *Bible*, with notes, bound in black. This *Bible* was ever after taken to church, the sermon confined in the centre. It is now in the family, with all the texts (some thousands, I should think,) ever preached from, underscored.

" ' 1778, April 15. This evening I agreed with Betty, (the " help,") to tarry with us another year. I am to give her £13 6s. 8d. and the *Small Pox* !'

" ' 1778, June 15. Went a fishing on the Pond with Mr. Haven,' &c.

" ' 1782, May 7. I prayed with my friend, Rev. Mr. Haven, (of the West Parish,) this morning, and was with him when he died, at 10,

A. M., of consumption. He died in peace. May I be prepared,' &c. There is an amusing memorandum in his Almanac of 1771, of the parade of his parishioners, on the occasion of his marriage, January 1st. They 'met him at Lexington, twenty-four of the parish,' and were joined by many more at Woburn—' Five chaises and thirty-two horses.' ' An elegant entertainment was provided—neighboring ministers present—a merry evening,' &c.; and then June 30, same year, ' Bought a *PIG* '! Two leaves of each publication are devoted to a very particular account of every thing received and every thing expended, so as to keep within his scanty income, yet he was ' passing rich with *eighty* pounds a year,' and thirteen children (in the whole) to provide for. I well remember the state of theological opinions in the vicinity fifty and fifty-five years ago. The Association of Ministers were called ' moderate Calvinists,' but inclining strongly to the views of Arminius, and consisted, with perhaps others, of Rev. Messrs. Smith of Middleton, Wadsworth of Danvers, Robey of Lynn, Stone of the North Parish. French of Andover, Morrill of Wilmington, Marrett of Burlington, Symms of North Andover, Stearns of Bedford, Cummings of Billerica.

" About the year 1790 or '91, then twelve years of age, I posted on foot to the ordination of Rev. Mr. Sanborn, who was present, at an advanced age, at the late celebration. Mr. S. was fresh from the late Dr. Emmons's school, and entertained views materially differing from most of the members of the Association. The Council were in debate until very late in the afternoon; and then most or all of the public services were performed by the gentlemen especially invited by the Pastor. We may well conclude that Arminius and Whitby were arrayed against Calvin, Hopkins, and Emmons. Many theological contests were had; and yet, the Westminster Catechism was used by all—the only one in existence. That generation of excellent men has passed away, with the formidable *wigs* and cocked hats, and other controversies have arisen.

" Of the principal families in the first parish, in my earliest recollections, were the Eatons, very numerous; our excellent neighbors, old Mr. Lilley Eaton and Nathan. Paul Sweetser, John, Daniel, and others; the three Goulds, I believe, brothers, and others; the Emersons, very numerous; the Wileys, the Greens, the Evans's, the Smiths, the Hartshorns, the Pooles, Cowdreys, &c. Then there were Deacons Emersons, Brown, (General,) Hopkins, and Parker—Doctors Hay, Hart, and Stimpson—Colonel Boardman—Captain Walton, &c., &c. Colonel Bryant of Stoneham, and 'squire James Bancroft of the ' Woodend,' were, until death, my father's excellent friends and parishioners. Col. B.'s fat goose or turkey never failed to be forthcoming on the evening before Thanksgiving. These all, or very nearly all, like the venerable oaks on the Common, and the towering elms, have been cut down; many of them having very serious doubts about even a public stage route through the first parish; and yet *one* (now about ninety-five) may live to see a railroad, and 'iron horses,' pass through with the speed of the wind.\*

\* One of my own ancestors was on a Committee of the town of Cambridge, soon after it was incorporated, and reported that they had laid out a road through the wilderness west to a point now known as Newton Falls, and concluded with the opinion that this was probably as far in that direction as would ever be needed.

" Some years since, I purchased an old French quarto volume of voyages and discoveries on the American coast, printed about the year 1660, with rude maps of the coast and a portion of the country. The author speaks of a *lake* in the interior, in a town called Reading, in the Massachusetts colony, of *great extent*, &c. This must be the beautiful sheet of water in South Reading, magnified by crude accounts into a formidable *lake*. The volume is now in the Antiquarian Society in Worcester."

## NOTE I.

The following beautiful lines, composed by SOPHIA PRENTISS, daughter of the Rev. Caleb Prentiss, who died in 1807, at the age of 25, are from a book, entitled, "Remains of my Early Friend," where may be found other poetic effusions, with other interesting matter by the same author:

## " ADIEU TO READING.

" By the last beams of parting day,  
Let me this charming scene survey ;  
Trace every spot I love so well,  
The lofty tree, the lowly dell.  
Dear, lovely landscape! now adieu :  
When distant—I will think on you.

" The enraptur'd eye beholds around,  
Here verdant plains, there rising ground ;  
The flowery field, the fleecy fold,  
The mountain, tipp'd with blue and gold ;  
Oft fancy shall these haunts pursue,  
And oft, tho' distant, dwell on you.

" The village Church first meets my eyes,  
And seems aspiring to the skies.  
There the beloved Pastor taught  
Each truth sublime, each noble thought ;  
Taught us a brighter world to view :  
When distant far—I'll think on you.

" The humble school-house next appears,  
Where sweetly pass'd my early years ;  
There knowledge first, with pleasing art,  
Convey'd her treasures to my heart :  
Then while that heart's to virtue true,  
With pleasure, I will think on you.

" Behold the venerable roof,  
Where I have felt each tender proof  
Of love paternal and sincere,  
Its pleasing smile or anxious tear ;  
Ah, happy days, how fast ye flew !  
Yet I will often think on you.

" The ancient elm, that arches o'er,  
The cherries, shading it before,  
The garden, and its vinewrought bower,  
Where pass'd the gay or serious hour,  
When little of the world I knew,  
I'll quit that world to think on you.

“ The fields of cultivated land,  
The orchard, planted by that hand,  
Which in the dust is mouldering laid,  
Now yields its blossoms, fruit, and shade ;  
'T was from his fostering care ye grew,  
And I shall love to think on you.

“ Fair lake, how oft I've wandered o'er  
Thy grassy banks and pebbled shore,  
While on thy surface sunbeams play'd,  
And distant trees, in lengthened shade,  
Met the mild sky's ethereal blue :  
When can I cease to think on you ?

“ See the calm mansions of the dead !  
Where some lov'd friends are peaceful laid ;  
Long may'st thou be with reverence view'd ;  
And thy green turf with tears bedew'd ;  
Till I shall sleep in silence too,  
And can no longer think on you.”

#### NOTE J.

The following is an extract of a letter from Rev. James Flint, D. D., received since the celebration :

“ The principal and most influential heads of families in North Reading, when I resided there in my boyhood, were Dea. Henry Putnam, a man highly esteemed and loved, who used to read the hymn, line by line, in a voice beautifully modulated, always pitched in accordance with the keynote of the tune sung. Benjamin Upton, Esq., an able man, that thought well of himself—somewhat stern and opinionated ; of unquestioned integrity, and held in respect by his fellow-citizens ; my half brother, Col. Daniel Flint, succeeded the former in influence, and took perhaps a higher stand than either of them in the management of affairs in the town and parish ; the Flints, the Uptons, the Batchelders, Damons, Eatons, Pratts, Parkers, Swains, &c.”

#### NOTE K.

Lieutenant David Parker, now living at the North Parish, at the age of ninety years, who was at the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, and served two years in the revolutionary war, tells the following story of Rev. Mr. Stone :

“ In the time of the revolutionary war, it was customary, if danger was threatened or expected from the enemy, to fire three distinct guns at short intervals, to alarm the people. Three guns in the night time were fired at Salem : as all ears as well as eyes were open to danger at that time, many turned out immediately from several towns within hearing of the alarm ; and among others the Rev. Mr. Stone, although a minister, turned out with his musket and military accoutrements, having on his full-bottomed, white wig, to travel on foot to Salem to meet the common enemy. But before they arrived at Salem, they were met by a company from Boston, who informed them that it was a false alarm, and no danger was at that time expected : they imme-

diately set out for home, but on their return they met others going down, who were told by Mr. Stone that it was a false alarm. "Ah," said they, "he is an old tory, we will not believe him, we will continue our march to Salem!"

They soon met others from Andover, to whom he gave the same information; one of their number happened to know him, and said, "Surely we can believe him, for this is Parson Stone!" and upon this information turned towards their homes.

#### NOTE L.

Extract from a printed "Historical Sketch of the Baptist Church in South Reading": "Rev. Gustavus F. Davis, D. D., was born in Boston, in 1797; was an orphan boy, apprenticed to a trade in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he was hopefully converted to God at the age of sixteen. He became a preacher at seventeen, was ordained at nineteen, married at twenty, and settled at South Reading at twenty-one, in the year 1818. While here, he studied the Greek and Latin languages and general literature, and received the College degree of Master of Arts; and subsequently the title of Doctor of Divinity. He had naturally strong powers of mind, a very tenacious memory, a rapid conception, large self-possession, and a pretty ready utterance. His style of address was simple, pointed, and laconic, well suited to interest a popular audience. He had an uncommon aptness in employing and applying Scripture in his discourses. He became pastor of the 1st Baptist Church in Hartford, Ct., in 1829, where he continued beloved and respected, zealously and usefully engaged till his death, which took place while on a visit at Boston in September, 1836."

#### NOTE M.

List of some of the Slaves, and people of color, that were owned and lived in Reading.

##### SOUTH READING.

"Cuff Lambert,"—slave of Captain John Lambert, who lived on the place recently owned by David Smith.

"Dinah Poole,"—daughter of "Cuff," became the slave of Jonathan Poole, married Keemer Blackman (a slave from Woburn), settled in South Reading, where she died in 1842; was an industrious and worthy woman.

"Peter Gould," was the slave of Ebenezer Gould of Stoneham—was known by the nickname of "Old Guise me,"—long lived in South Reading, on the "lot-end road," so called; he perished in a snow-drift, in Stoneham, a few years since. His wife's name was Cloe.

"Doss Freeman," lived near Barehill Brook; was a man of great strength of muscle, combined with great activity. He was a soldier of the Revolution; and, while out in the service in New York State, he

had a match, or trial of strength and agility, with a bully there. His antagonist first bent himself over backwards, till, without using his hands or arms, his head touched the ground; he would then turn aside his head, and with his tongue pick up a four-and-half pence from the ground; and then, without any aid from his hands or arms, recover an erect position again. *Old Doss did the same.* His rival then jumped into an empty hogshead, which stood on the head, and out again, still without using his hands. Old Doss followed, and did the same. His rival then bounded into the hogshead backwards, and backwards jumped out again. Old Doss followed, and jumped in backwards, but out again backwards could not jump, and was accordingly beaten by his York friend.

“Sally,” wife of Doss, recently died at the Reading Almshouse, at an advanced age.

“John,” son of Doss, inherited his father’s strength and nimbleness, obtained a good education, and emigrated to Hayti.

“Pomp Putamia,” was son of “Titus,” of Stoneham — became the slave of Noah Eaton — was free at the age of twenty-three years; accumulated considerable property, which he bequeathed to charitable objects, and died March 17, 1817, aged fifty-nine years. He was a very intelligent, industrious, honest, and respectable man.

“Peggy Putamia,” sister of the above, was the slave of Gen. Benjamin Brown.

“Amos Putamia,” brother of the above, is still living.

“Chester,” the slave of Kendall Parker, Esq., who once lived on the Goodwin Place, now owned by the heirs of Herro Nichols. The following is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*, of a bill of sale of the said Chester:

“Reding: May th first day, in 1740:

“I have sold unto my Dafter Mary Goodwing: my nagero Boy named Chester, for the sum of Sixty Pounds of good Billes of Crif Payd to me, wich is in full satfaxone for said nagero Boy—ass witness my hand and Sell.

KENDALL PARKER. [seal.]

James Townsend.  
Maverick Smith.”

#### WEST PARISH.

“London,” the slave of Thomas Eaton.

“Sampson,” the slave of Thomas Eaton — son of “London.”

“Sandy,” the slave of Raham Bancroft.

“Cato,” the slave of Samuel Bancroft.

“Phillis,” the slave of Samuel Bancroft, and was wife of old “Cuff” of South Reading.

“Prince,” son of Phillis, and lived with Dr. Bancroft, of Worcester.

“Fortune,” the slave of Nathan Parker, and went into the army.

“Mingo,” the slave of Jeremiah Swayne.

“Cæsar,” the slave of Joseph Damon, and a clever man.

“Primus,” the slave of Joshua Eaton, and went into the army.

“Sharper,” the slave of —— Breed, of Lynn, went into the army, and afterwards settled in Reading.

The North Parish slaves are mentioned in the Address.

## NOTE N.

*Justices of the Peace, in Reading and South Reading.*

## READING.

	John Brown, <i>Justice of Peace.</i>
	Jonathan Poole, "
	Jeremiah Swain, "
	Kendall Parker, "
	Benjamin Poole, "
	Ebenezer Nichols, "
	Samuel Bancroft, "
	William Bryant, "
1781.	David Greene, "
1781.	Benjamin Bourne, "
1783.	Joseph Underwood, <i>Coroner.</i>
1783.	James Bancroft, <i>Justice of Peace.</i>
1786.	Benjamin Brown, <i>Justice of Peace and Quorum.</i>
1793.	Benjamin Upton, <i>Justice of Peace.</i>
1794.	Adam Hawkes, "
1806.	John Temple, Jr., <i>Coroner.</i>
1807.	John Hart, <i>Justice of Peace.</i>
1807.	Joseph Cordis, <i>Associate Justice of Sessions.</i>
1808.	John Weston, <i>Justice of Peace.</i>
1810.	Daniel Flint, "
"	David Upton, "
1811.	Joseph Cordis, <i>Just. of Peace &amp; Quor. through the Commonwealth.</i>
1811.	John Hart, <i>Associate Justice of Sessions.</i>
1812.	Timothy Wakefield, <i>Justice of Peace.</i>
1813.	Edmund Parker, "
1814.	Daniel Chute, "
"	John Weston, "
1816.	Joshua Prescott, "
1818.	Jacob Goodwin, "
1823.	Joshua Putnam, "
1824.	Thaddeus Spaulding, "
"	Caleb Wakefield, "
1826.	George Flint, "
1832.	Frederick F. Root, "
1835.	Abial Holden, <i>Coroner.</i>
1837.	John Weston, <i>Justice of Peace and Quorum.</i>
1838.	John Batchelder, 4th, <i>Justice of Peace.</i>
1840.	Edwin Foster, "
"	Edmund Parker, <i>Just. of Peace &amp; Quor. through the Commonwealth.</i>
1841.	Abial Holden, <i>Justice of the Peace.</i>
1842.	Thaddeus Spaulding, <i>Justice of Peace and Quorum through the Commonwealth.</i>
1842.	Thaddeus B. Pratt, <i>Justice of Peace.</i>
"	Stephen Foster, "
1843.	Thomas Sweetser, "
1844.	Eliab Parker, Jr., "

## SOUTH READING.

1814. John Hart, *Justice of Peace.*  
 1815. William Nichols, "  
 1817. Jeremiah Bryant, Jr., *Coroner.*  
 " John Hart, *Justice of Peace and Quorum.*  
 1821. Burrage Yale, *Justice of Peace.*  
 1826. Ephraim M. Cunningham, *Justice of Peace.*  
 " Asa L. Boardman, "  
 1831. Thomas Emerson, "  
 1832. Lemuel Sweetser, "  
 1834. Lilley Eaton, "  
 1837. Noah Smith, "  
 1841. Benjamin B. Wiley, "  
 1843. Ebenezer Avery, "

## NOTE O.

## COPY OF A RETURN, &amp;c.

" *To the Hon. Council, now sitting in Boston:*

" We have received a warrant from our Worshipful Captain Gookin to make return of the names of the soldiers impressed by us, and how they are provided in all respects, the which I have endeavored to do. And I find five of them well provided with arms and clothing; and two of them want each of them a coat, if they may be had. But we want two muskets, and one of them wants necessary clothing.

Yours to command, THOMAS BANCROFT.  
*Reading, 3d of 10th mo. 1675.*"

## " NAMES OF MEN IMPRESSED:

Samuel Lamson.	Samuel Damon.
Daniel Bachelor.	Thomas Nichols.
James Carr.	William Roberts.
Robert Taylor.	Nicholas Lunn."

NOTE.—Daniel Bachelor and Lieut. Jeremiah Swayne, of Major Appleton's command, were wounded at " Narraganset Fight."

## NOTE P.

## COPY OF A PETITION, &amp;c.

" *To the Honored General Court, now sitting in Boston:*

" The humble Petition of Nicholas Rice, of Reading, Sheweth, that whereas, Sarah Rice, wife to the petitioner, was taken into custody the first day of June last, and ever since laine in Boston Goal for witchcraft, though in all that time nothing has been made appear, for which she deserved imprisonment or death. The petitioner has been a husband to the said woman above twenty years, in all which time he never had reason to accuse her of any impietie, or witchcraft; but the contrary, she lived with him as a good, faithful, dutiful wife, and always had respect to the ordinances of God, while her strength re-

mained; and the petitioner, on that consideration, is obliged in conscience and justice to use all lawful means for the support and preservation of her life; and it is deplorable that, in old age, the poor decrepid woman should lye under confinement so long in a stinking Goal, when her circumstances rather requiring a *nurse* to attend her.

" May it therefore please your Honors to take this matter into your present consideration, and direct some speedy method, whereby this ancient and decrepid person may not *forever* lye in such miserie, wherein her life is made more afflictive to her than death. And the petitioner shall, as in duty bound, ever pray.

*Reading, Oct. 19, 1692.*"

#### NOTE Q.

*Town Clerks of Reading and South Reading, from their incorporation.*

#### READING.

William Cowdrey, 1644 to '87.	Peter Emerson, 1725 to 46.
Nathaniel Cowdrey, 1687 to '88.	Brown Emerson, 1746 to '70.
Hannanah Parker, 1688 to '90.	John Temple, 1770 to '74.
Nathaniel Goodwin, 1690 to '93.	Benjamin Brown, 1774 to '77.
John Batchelder, 1693 to '97.	Jacob Emerson, 1777 to '90.
Hannanah Parker, 1697 to '98.	Jonathan Poole, 1790 to '99.
John Herbert, 1698 to 1713.	Timo. Wakefield, 1799 to 1816.
Francis Smith, 1713 to '21.	Edmund Parker, 1816 to '30.
John Goodwin, 1721 to '25.	Daniel Pratt, Jr., 1830
	to the present time.

#### SOUTH READING.

John Gould, 1812 to '24.
John Rayner, Jr., 1824 to '29.
Lilley Eaton, 1829 to the present time.

#### GRADUATES OF SOUTH READING.

Rev. Daniel Emerson, settled in Hollis, N. H.
Dea. and Rev. Jacob Emerson, lived in South Reading.
William Hobby, Jr., died young.
Charles Prentiss, Printer and Editor.
Rev. Joseph Swain, settled at Wenham.
Rev. Brown Emerson, died young.
Rev. Elias Smith, settled at Middleton.
Rev. Reuben Emerson, settled and still lives in South Reading.
Doct. Samuel Hart, M. D., now of Oswego, N. Y.
Charles M. Emerson, Esq., Lawyer at New Orleans, La.
Rev. Amos B. Lambert, now settled in Salem, N. Y.
Rev. William Gage, now settled in Ohio.
Rev. Francis Smith, now settled in Providence, R. I.
Rev. Samuel Green, settled and died at Boston.
Frederic S. Wiley, Esq., now of Philadelphia, Pa.
Frederic Wiley, now in College.
William L. Brown, now in College.

## GRADUATES OF READING, SOUTH PARISH.

Samuel S. Poole, Judge in Nov. Scotia.  
 Jacob Burnap, D. D., Merrimac, N. H.  
 Aaron Bancroft, D. D., Worcester.  
 Nathaniel Parker, M. D., Salem.  
 Rev. Edmund Foster, Littleton.  
 Thomas Pratt, Merchant, Mechanicsburg, Pa.  
 Samuel Batchelder, settled at Haverhill.  
 Nathan Parker, D. D., Portsmouth, N. H.  
 Jonathan Weston, Esq., Eastport, Me.  
 Rev. Daniel Temple, Missionary to Malta.  
 Rev. George Nichols, Springfield.  
 John Batchelder, Reading, Teacher.  
 Rev. Cyrus Nichols, Wisconsin.  
 Rev. Warren Nichols, Columbus, Illinois.  
 Rev. Benjamin W. Parker, Missionary to Sandwich Islands.  
 Rev. Stillman Pratt, Adams.  
 Horace P. Wakefield, M. D., Reading.  
 John S. Wallace, Esq.  
 William F. Wallace.  
 William Wakefield, Jr., studying Divinity.  
 Pliny F. Sanborn,        "        "  
 Thomas M. Symonds, now in College.

## GRADUATES OF READING, NORTH PARISH.

Amos Sawyer.  
 Martin Herrick, M. D., Reading.  
 Jacob Herrick.  
 Rev. Samuel Dix, settled at Townsend.  
 Aaron Putnam, M. D., Charlestown.  
 Rev. Micah Strong, Brookfield.  
 Rev. Timothy Flint, Author.  
 Jacob Flint, D. D., Cohasset.  
 James Flint, D. D., Salem.  
 Thomas Sawyer, Peterboro', N. H.  
 Elias Upton, Merchant, Blue Hills, Me.  
 Henry Putnam, Esq., Maine.  
 Charles Hewes, studying Divinity.  
 Aaron H. Sawyer, Esq., Lawyer in Dover, N. H.

## PHYSICIANS IN SOUTH READING.

*Names of those who have practised in South Reading.*

Thomas Swaine, 1st.	Thaddeus Spaulding.
Thomas Swaine, 2d.	Nathan Richardson.
Oliver Swaine.	Solon O. Richardson.
William Hay.	Samuel A. Toothaker.
John Hay.	Josiah Abbott.
James Stimpson.	Joseph D. Mansfield.
William Stimpson.	William H. Willis.
John Hart.	Joseph Poland.
	W. W. Cutler.

*Names of those who were educated from South Reading.*

John Hart, Jr., who settled at Reading, South Parish.  
 Samuel Hart, " " Oswego, N. Y.  
 Joseph Eaton, who became a Surgeon in the service of the U. S.  
 Charles Hay, who settled in Maine.  
 Brown H. B. Emerson, who settled in New York.  
 Harris Cowdrey, " " Acton.  
 Alexander Poole, " " Dennis.  
 Leroy M. Yale, " " Martha's Vineyard.  
 R. Elton Smiley, " "

As were also Thomas Swaine, 1st, Thomas Swaine, 2d, Oliver Swaine, John Hay, William Stimpson, and Joseph D. Mansfield, who settled in South Reading.

## PHYSICIANS IN READING, SOUTH PARISH.

*Names of those who have practised in said Parish.*

John Brooks.	Abner Phelps.
Nathaniel Parker.	Samuel Hart.
Nathan Perry.	Daniel Gould.
— Skilton.	Kendall Davis.
John Hart, Jr.	Stephen H. Spaulding.
Nathan Richardson.	Horace P. Wakefield.

*Names of those who were educated from said Parish.*

Nathaniel Parker, who settled at Salem.	
Solon O. Richardson, " " South Reading.	
Horace P. Wakefield, " " Reading.	
Adams Nichols, " " Quincy, Illinois.	
Edward Hartshorn, " " Berlin.	
George W. Symonds, " " Lancaster.	

## PHYSICIANS IN READING, NORTH PARISH.

*Names of those who have practised in said Parish.*

Daniel Putnam.	Jacob Goodwin.
Martin Herrick.	David A. Grosvenor.

*Names of those who were educated from said Parish.*

Daniel Putnam, who settled at Reading.	
Martin Herrick, " " "	
David A. Grosvenor, Jr. " " Danvers.	
Lucius Grosvenor, " " Pelham, N. H.	
Edwin P. Grosvenor, " " Newbury.	

## LAWYERS, WHO HAVE PRACTISED IN SOUTH READING.

William Nichols.	Alexander Hamilton.
E. M. Cunningham.	Robert Rantoul, Jr.
Martin L. Stow.	Haley F. Barstow.

*In Reading, South Parish.* Joshua Prescott and Francis A. Fabens.  
*In Reading, North Parish.* Thomas Sawyer and Henry Putnam.

## NOTE R.

## POST OFFICES.

The Reading Post Office was established in 1811, and Col. Nathan Parker appointed Postmaster. John Weston, Esq., was appointed April 11, 1815, and is now in office.

The South Reading Post Office was established about 1818. Postmasters: John Rayner, Jr., Burrage Yale, Eli A. Yale, Daniel Norcross, and Charles H. Stearns; the last is now in office.

The North Reading Post Office was established about 1830. Postmasters: David Damon, James Damon, Levi Whitney, and Edwin Foster; the last is now in office.

## NOTE S.

## STATISTICS OF THE PRESENT CONDITION OF READING AND SOUTH READING.

	South Reading.	Reading South Parish.	Reading N. Parish.	Total.
Population, .....	1600	1400	900	3900
Dwelling Houses, .....	250	227	130	607
Meeting Houses, .....	3	3	4	10
District Schools, .....	7	5	4	16
Savings Institutions, .....	1	1		2
Am't of annual Shoe business,	\$220,000	150,000	50,000	420,000
" Cabinet & Clock do.		140,000	3,000	143,000
" Coach Lace do.			6,000	6,000
" Tin Ware do.	25,000	5,000		30,000
" Razor Strap do.	5,000			5,000
" Shoe Tools do.	5,000			5,000
" Medicine do.	20,000			20,000
Daily Stages to Boston, .....	2	1	1	4
Blacksmith's shops, .....	3	3	3	9
Wheelright's do. ....	2	3	2	7
Stores, .....	8	8	5	21
Taverns, .....	1	1	1	3
State Valuation of 1841, .....	\$279,409 01	463,024 61*		742,433 63
No. of Polls in 1841, .....	449	691*		1140
Of a State Tax of \$75,000, in 1844, there was assessed, .....	\$50 25	131 25*		211,50

\* Including North Parish.



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